

MISS WELDON.

Shaw, Blanche

Ballou's Monthly Magazine (1866-1893); Jul 1871; 34, 1; American Periodicals
pg. 46

MISS WELDON.

BY BLANCHE SHAW.

I SAW her first in a street car. It was a miserable sloppy day, and nothing less powerful than the very urgent call that I had received from a dear relative would have induced me to make the trip from "Gotham" to the "City of Churches" under such skies, and over such mud; and I was in a mood somewhere between sulks and blues when I took my seat in the car at the ferry. I carefully gathered up my muddy skirts to preserve them from coming in contact with the still muddier boots of the male bipeds who surrounded me, and then looked leisurely around to see what my fellow unfortunates might be like. In a corner close by the door I discovered her, and I looked no further. Her face was turned towards me, but her eyes were busy reading the letters, and I studied her unseen. The face was broad and square, too much so to agree with the rules of beauty; but no other shape would have harmonized with the features that it held; the large mouth, firmly closed, and softened by lines of delicacy and painful sensitiveness, the short and slightly *retrousse* nose; and the large hazel-gray eyes, which, as she half raised them in her reading, I saw were filled with the sad quiet light that tells of sorrows passed but not forgotten. The brows were straight and distinctly marked; the hair light-brown, slightly frizzed, and parted plainly over a low very broad forehead. Her dress was the time-honored rusty black, now more rusty from the mud; a half shabby astrakhan sacque, black bonnet and black gloves. She had several bundles, and quite a large box, under the strings of which was stuffed the pile of letters she was reading. Slowly she took them out, and read them with a quiet face. They were all short; and through several of them I saw the reflection of what looked like an advertisement slip. She read them all, one she looked at twice, and then slipping them back under the strings, she looked out of the window with the weary air of one who must "move on," while every heartbeat sighs for rest.

I forgot mud, bad humor and every other unpleasant thing, and floated away to dream-land, where I wove romances around her,

till she recalled me to earth by signing the conductor to pull the check, and getting out on a very muddy crossing. I watched her as she disappeared "around the corner," and then looked back at her late seat, to see it filled by a red-faced Irish woman. My ride ended after passing a few blocks, and the hearty welcome and many pleasures that met me at my aunt's, soon drove the interesting stranger from my mind.

About three months after this when sleet had turned to gentle showers, and mud to green leaves and daisies, I received the following letter:

"MY DEAREST HETTIE,—Summer and all its glories are here; the Grange is as nearly paradise as an earthly dwelling can be, and you must come and share its joys. I'll not trust myself to write of our picnics, boatings and other blisses; all I can say is, come, come! Bid adieu to bricks and mortars, and fly to green fields and your MARION.

"P. S. I forgot to say that brother Phil is home."

I read this letter with very pleasant emotions, for I loved the country, and I loved Marion; and I packed my trunk and departed for the country.

Marion met me at the depot in her pony phaeton, and drove me in triumph to the Grange, which was a large square house standing in the midst of deeply-shaded grounds, and so much like other old family seats, that I'll omit a description. Mrs. Ashmead, Marion's widowed mother, welcomed me warmly, and it was with a feeling of expressive benevolence towards the world at large and myself in particular, that I retired to my room to remove my travelling-dress. I was about half through my toilet when a knock came at the door, and in reply to my "Come in," Marion's beaming face appeared.

"Beg your pardon, dearie," said she, "but I must tell you something that I have on my mind. You know brother Phil is home, Hettie, he is splendid, only he doesn't care a bit for ladies, fashionable young ladies, I mean, and he says that he is going back to Africa soon. Now, Hettie, you are not a fashionable young lady, and you must make him fall in love with you, so that he wont go."

"Make a human edition of the 'ball and chain,' of myself to fasten him in the matrimonial galley? O Marion, I thought better of you!"

"Ball and chain, indeed! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! As if a man could have a greater blessing than you."

"Cela depend!" laughed I. "If you continue to talk this way, you will turn my head."

"No I wont; I'll only turn your heart towards Phil by making such a desirable sister. Are you ready to go down?"

"Yes."

The sun was just setting, and we went out on the broad piazza that ran around the house.

"Isn't this delightful?" said Marion, who, rattle-brain though she was, had a true artist's soul.

I was just framing an enthusiastic reply, when a woman emerged from the shrubbery and walked over the piazza into the house. Her face was turned from me; but there was an air of indistinct familiarity about her, like an unforgotten dream. "Who was that?" I asked.

"Miss Weldon, Lucy's governess. Some people call her pretty; what do you think?"

"I did not see her face; but there was something very familiar about her. Where could I have seen her before?"

"I'm sure I can't think. Here comes Phil! Now look your prettiest." And as she spoke, she said "Phil" stepped on the piazza.

I was introduced in due style, and followed her instructions by blushing mahogany color. Philip Ashmead was a man who had seen thirty-five years. He was a little below the medium height, muscular and well-built. His face, I will not attempt to describe; but one word applies to it, and that one word paints it. It was a strong face; strong to hate; strong to love; and strong to suffer; a face that filled my young heart with a feeling, which, if Marion could have known it, would have tolled the death-knell of her hopes. He extended his hand to me as Marion's friend, and said he was happy to see me at the Grange. I was still suffering from the blush, but at Marion's appealing look, I rallied and made a suitable reply, and the sound of the tea-bell at this moment closed the scene.

At the table, I was introduced to Miss Weldon, and then I recognized her as my heroine of the car. She was little changed,

except that her cheeks were fuller, and the worn anxious look seemed struggling with a brighter light. Her dress, as then, was black, but instead of the rusty alpaca, she wore a soft fresh lawn, relieved at the throat and wrists by lace. The old fascination returned; and had Marion repeated her question about her, I would have replied, "Angelie."

She was very silent through the meal, but Marion's tongue ran so fast that I doubt if she would have found room for her words, if she had tried to talk. After supper we returned to the piazza, where we entertained ourselves, till Marion suddenly remembered that music and moonlight went together, and asked Miss Weldon to sing. She rose at once, and went through the French window into the parlor to comply. Philip started up to follow her, but by a sudden impulse he stopped and walking to the front of the piazza leaned against a pillar, where he could see her at the piano. Miss Weldon ran her fingers lightly over the keys a few times, and then sang "Thekla's" song. Never shall I forget the wailing fluttering pathos of her voice. I shivered as I heard it, and involuntarily looked at Philip. His arms were folded tightly over his breast; it may have been the effect of the moonlight, but his face looked ghastly white. The last note died away.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Marion. "What made you sing that horrid song, Miss Weldon? It made me shiver. What was it, Phil? You understand those heathenish tongues." But no Phil replied; he had disappeared, and Miss Weldon rose from the piano.

"Please sing something less doleful," asked Marion, "just to act as an antidote to that; for I am sure I shall have the nightmare if I sleep under that last impression."

"Excuse me, please. I cannot sing more to-night." Then, in a forced light tone, "You know one cannot always control her moods, and mine is doleful to-night. If you'll excuse me, I'll retire." And she went slowly up the broad stairway.

"What a remarkable woman!" said I.

"Do you think so?" replied Marion. "A good many say so. I have not discovered it; but I believe Phil thinks her clever. O, what do you think of Phil?"

Now had I told Marion what I thought of Phil, I fear it would have induced "nightmare" more inevitably than the "dirge;" so I refrained, and merely remarked:

"I think he is handsome,"

"Do you? That is one point gained. I

hope he thinks you pretty. I will ask him."

"Don't be foolish, Marion," said I, a little irritated. "If you do not stop this nonsense I shall go home."

Her soft heart was touched.

"Forgive me," said she, putting her arm around me. "I did not mean to vex you."

"Certainly, you little goose; and now don't tease me any more."

We kissed and "made up;" and the clock striking ten I pleaded fatigue, and retired to my room to meditate on the events of the day and prepare for slumber. The burden of my meditation was, that Philip Ashmead, with all the depth of his strong nature loved Miss Weldon, and that she saw the love, and strove with all her strength to kill it; why, I could not guess; for he was a man to win just such love as I knew she could and would give. There must be some deep cause for her putting happiness thus sternly from her; and again my busy brain wove romances for her till my tired lids closed, and I floated off to the veritable land of dreams.

The next day was delightful, and it was the first of a series of pleasures that lasted with very little interruption for two weeks. During this time I seldom saw either Miss Weldon or Philip. The former was occupied with her studies, and the latter, having no sympathy with picnics, croquet and other fashionable amusements, spent his time fishing and shooting, or buried himself with the old books in the library. Marion, with beautiful submission, resigned her pet plan, and not a cloud appeared in the azure of our sky.

I was sitting under the trees one very hot day, doing my most patient best to conquer a very obstinate crochet pattern, when Marion made her appearance beside me.

"At it yet, grandmother?" said she. "I declare, Hettie, if medals are ever conferred for exemplary patience, I'll send for an application for the highest one for you. But put the stupid thing down and listen to me. What do you think of a yachting excursion for to-morrow? We have been quiet two days, and I am getting blue. We won't have a large party; just a few, and perhaps Phil will go with us. Would you like it?"

"Very much."

"Then very well. I'll go see what Phil says. I wonder where he is."

"Not far, sister mine!" replied a voice. And Phil came up the path and stood leaning on his gun before us. "What weighty subject under discussion now, that you wish

to rob me of an opinion? If it is so serious as a dress, a bonnet, or who was the best-looking gentleman at the last picnic, I am strictly neutral."

"The idea of asking a man about such things! You haven't quite all the sense in the family, Phil." And then she laid her proposal before him. He did not reply, and she continued. "Please say yes, Phil; you haven't been out with Hettie once since she's been here."

Phil smiled.

"I trust Miss Hettie hasn't suffered from my want of gallantry; had I suspected that she even missed me, I would have flown to her side like a true knight."

"What nonsense, Phil; of course she hasn't missed you. But will you go with us to-morrow? I'll only ask a small party."

"Why ask any party at all, Marion? Haven't we sufficient material in us, to furnish one day's pleasure? There will be mother, Miss Weldon, Lucy and ourselves. I have some traces of civilization left, and I'll polish them up for the occasion. Now what do you say?"

Marion consented; and it was decided, that the rest willing, the party should be no larger.

The plan was accepted graciously by Mrs. Ashmead and Miss Weldon, and rapturously by Lucy; and the next morning saw us all bright and happy, sailing over the broad blue Hudson. Every one was in high spirits, even Miss Weldon seemed to forget that life had cares, and her sweet laugh mingled with the rest. At noon we landed in a little cove, where we spread our dinner on an old gray rock, and dined as merrily as ever did Robin Hood. Philip was true to his promise. He had polished up to a brilliancy that fairly dazzled us. Lucy hung about him in mute admiration; Marion looked in amazement; and Miss Weldon's gray eyes were soft with a light I had never seen before. Dinner over, we climbed the rocks till the slanting shadows warned us back to the boat. Tired, but happy, we took our seats, the sail was spread, and our bow turned homeward. The breeze had freshened since morning, and Philip, who was both captain and crew, desired us to sit quietly. For a short time his orders were obeyed, and then Marion, to whom the doom of the "Wandering Jew" would have been a blessing, was seized with a desire to go to the bow. She sat there till pretty well sprinkled, and she decided to come back.

"Careful!" cried Phil; "she is going to jibe!"

His warning came too late. At that moment a slight puff struck the sail, bringing it "about" quickly, and then the water closed over Marion. One general shriek went up from the boat, but before it died away another splash was heard, and Miss Weldon was swimming to the spot where Marion had disappeared. Philip sprang forward, but with a mighty effort he stopped, and tightening his grasp on the tiller, he stood at his post. Great beads were on his brow, and a sob burst from his lips. The woman he loved was at the mercy of the water, and he could not go to her, because three other lives depended on his hand. The boat sped rapidly away; and before Phillip could turn her, the black form was but a speck. The boat lurched, and the sail fluttered; seconds stretched to hours, but at last the sail filled and we bounded back. As we came near, we could see the gleam of Marion's white dress. Miss Weldon had seized her, and she held her with one arm, while she kept herself up with the other. She was growing weak, for the strokes she made were feeble.

"Courage!" shouted Philip. "I will save you."

The boat was very near them.

"Seize them, Hettie!" said he. And by a skillful turn of the tiller he brought the boat beside them.

Instantly I clutched them and tried to draw them from the water; but I could not. Marion's light form I could lift, but Miss Weldon was too heavy. She saw it, and wrenching herself free she placed both my hands on Marion, and then pushing herself away she disappeared.

"Some one hold this!" said Phillip, hoarsely.

Lucy sprang to the tiller, and he plunged into the river. The wind had now lulled, and Lucy, who was something of a sailor, slacked up the sheet, and we lay quietly. I lifted Marion into the boat, and then all eyes watched Philip. He was swimming alone. A chill crept over me; was she indeed lost? At that moment something dark came to the surface. Philip struck out towards it; it disappeared before he reached it, but he plunged after it, and when he came up he bore Miss Weldon in his arms, and struck out boldly for the boat. He was soon alongside. Mrs. Ashmead and I took his burden from him, and then he drew himself over the gunnel and dropped in the bottom, panting and exhausted. Mrs. Ashmead brought a glass of wine from the basket, and held it

to his lips. He drank it eagerly, and then rose to his feet.

"I am all right now," said he. "Give all your care to those."

Marion, who had only fainted from fright, soon recovered; but Miss Weldon's swoon was so deathlike, that the faint beating of her heart was all we had to make us think that life was not extinct. We clasped her icy hands, poured wine down her throat, wrung out her wet clothing and wrapped her in our shawls. At last a faint sigh parted her lips, and she slowly opened her eyes. Mrs. Ashmead bade her not speak; it was useless warning; she was too weak to utter a sound; and after the boat reached the dock she lay like an infant in Philip's arms, while he carried her to her chamber and laid her on the bed. A physician was sent for. He looked grave, and shook his head and said:

"Keep her warm, give her nourishment, and wait."

That was all we could do.

Marion was at once sent to bed, and Mrs. Ashmead and I kept watch over Miss Weldon. She lay in the stupor till nearly midnight; then a change suddenly came over her, and in a short time she was raving in delirium. I will not linger over the details of her illness. For days she hovered over an open grave. Mrs. Ashmead and I shared vigils by her side. She knew no one, but all her love and trust were centred on me. The world was at war with her; I was her only friend, and she begged me, with heart-breaking voice and eyes, to save her. Many an hour did I kneel by her bed, pillow that noble face upon my breast, and soothe her like a frightened child.

At last the crisis came; for hours she lay in a deep sleep. Mrs. Ashmead, worn out, slept on the lounge. With hushed breath I watched beside Miss Weldon. No sound broke the stillness but her deep breathing, and the muffled echo of Philip's steps as he walked the room below. He had not seen her since her illness, but early dawn and late night found him at her door for news. The hours dragged slowly on; still she slept, and still that slow tread sounded below. The flush of the fever had died away, and her face was deathly. A cold horror crept over me; if she should pass away in that sleep, and I alone with her! I looked towards Mrs. Ashmead; she still slept soundly. I dared not awaken her, lest the noise might also arouse Miss Weldon. I tried to look away

and think of something else. In vain; my eyes and thoughts would fasten on that pallid face, which now grew more deathlike every moment. At last my nerves could stand it no longer. I slipped from my seat, and stealing to the window I opened the curtain wide and looked out into the darkness, till a sound from the bed caused me to start and look around. I stifled a cry of joy; she was saved; she was awake, and the light of recognition was in her eyes.

After this the sufferer gained rapidly, and in a week she left her room. Philip met her with a half-concealed tenderness, and anticipated her every wish; but her conduct was unchanged. She received his attentions with a humble gratitude, more fatal to hope than open scorn. I was provoked! What longing had she that the love of Philip Ashmead could not satisfy? Her delirious fondness still clung to me, and she gave me many tokens of her love; but it was love alone, not confidence; the veil of her life never trembled, and I stopped romancing, and had only love and faith. She was soon able to enter upon her duties again, and I saw her but seldom. Philip, with the lines around his mouth a little deeper and a little sadder, resumed his old habits; and Marion, quieter from her danger, but all the more lovable for it, sat with me under the trees, and talked of that golden future which youth will ever dream of, and ever find a dream.

The summer wore on, and I counted the remainder of my visit by days. I grew more fond of the grand old place, and found beauty in every withered twig. I was sitting alone on the piazza one night, gazing very sentimentally on a half-blown rose, when my meditations were disturbed by footsteps, and I saw through the window Miss Weldon enter the parlor. She went to a table, picked up a book, and turned to leave the room, when a shadow flickered in the moonlight, and Philip stood beside her. She bent her head silently, and attempted to move on; but Philip put his arm before her. I suppose I ought to have left here, but I had on squeaky shoes which would have certainly betrayed me, and I had no desire to make a third party in the scene, so I remained quiet. Miss Weldon stood still, and fixed her eyes on the ground. Philip's face was very pale.

"Miss Weldon," said he, "you have eluded me for a long time, but you must hear me now. I love you. Will you be my wife?"

A cold stony gray crept over her face, her

hands clenched, and her lips moved, but no words came. Philip bent over her and took her hand.

"O Constance, my darling! look at me! speak to me! I saved your life. I have a right to it. Give it to me, and take back the one deep life-love of my heart. O my darling! my darling! do not turn from me!"

He put his arm around her, but she tore herself away, and staggering to the wall leaned her head on her clenched hands. He went to her and again bent over her. She raised her head and waved him back.

"Go away! Do not touch me. O, why have you forced this upon me? Did you not see it could not be? Leave me, if you love me!"

"As I love you, never, till I have an answer! Constance, your words might shake a man who loved you less. You bear a heavy load, poor child, but no fault of yours has laid it on your shoulders; slip it off on mine; they are broad and strong, and will bear it gladly. Again; will you be my wife?"

"No! no! Leave me!"

Philip's face grew whiter.

"Constance, I have offered you all a man can give, and you have refused it. I know your heart rebels against the act. I have no right to judge your motives; but I have a right, by my confession, to ask one more question, and you must answer it. Do you love me?"

A moan burst from her lips.

"Philip! Philip! do not kill me!"

He caught her in his arms.

"Constance, what is this fearful thing that comes between us? Tell me, and I will blot it out though the powers of darkness stand before me!"

She did not speak, but sobbed upon his breast. Presently she raised her head. She was pale, but firm, and her voice did not tremble as she said:

"Philip, I love you better than my own soul. Could I tell you my past to-night I would; but I have not the strength; to-morrow you shall know all. And now, farewell!"

She put her arms around his neck, and laid her cheek against his for a second, and then, springing from his arms, left the room. He looked after her a moment, and then threw himself into a chair. Removing my squeaky shoes, I stole softly to my room.

The next morning I was late at breakfast, a bad habit of mine. I found them all at the table except Miss Weldon. I stole a look

at Philip; he seemed a little anxious, but happy, and was trying to give his attention to his mother, with one eye on the door.

"What can make Miss Weldon so late?" said Mrs. Ashmead, a short time after my appearance. "She is not usually on the sleepy list. Jane, go knock at her door; perhaps she is ill."

Jane disappeared, and returned in a few minutes with a white face. Philip started up.

"What is the matter? Is she ill?"

"No sir."

"What then? Can't you speak?"

"O sir, she is gone! clean gone!"

The rest looked incredulous, but Philip and I comprehended the fearful import of her words. He hurried from the room, and we all followed. It was indeed true; she had gone. The bed had not been slept in; the trunk stood open, and part of her scanty wardrobe had been taken. I walked to the bureau; a letter lay on it; it was addressed to Philip. I gave it to him. He tore it open, read a few words, and staggered to a chair. His mother went to him; but he rallied in a second, and said:

"Never mind; it is nothing. She has gone." Then he left the room, and with sad hearts we soon followed him.

That day I received a telegram informing me that my mother was sick, and I must return home at once. I immediately "packed up," and by night I was restored to my family.

Three years passed rapidly away; and the memory of that delightful summer and its tragic end was softened by the veil in which time shrouds all things bright and sad. Marion, gay and happy as of old, had given her heart to one who merited the prize; and in the autumn she would leave her home and "brave the world with him." Philip left home soon after that morning, and his infrequent letters told that he trod Africa's burning sand. Long months had passed since he was last heard from, and his mother grew anxious. Marion hoped that he would return for her wedding; but time wore on, and she sadly put the hope aside.

"He has been with the savages so long," said she, with a pout, "that he has grown just like them. I should not be at all surprised if his hair was woolly and his skin black." And then she dashed away a tear, for she dearly loved that truant brother.

The summer was on the wane. I was sitting in my room one morning at work, when Ann announced: "A lady, for Miss Hettie."

"What name, Ann?"

"None, miss. She said, 'Tell her an old friend.'"

I looked unmaintainable, for my experience had taught me that an "old friend" was often a synonym for an "old bore." I descended to the parlor in a suspicious mood, determined to confine my conversation strictly to monosyllables, after the health of the family had been reported on. I opened the door. A gray-robed figure sat on the sofa; a veil drooped over her face, but as I entered she threw it back, and in an instant my arms were around Miss Weldon.

Some cynically inclined men say that when women meet after a long separation, the strife is, who can ask the most questions. We refuted the theory forever. I doubt if circumstances could be found under which curiosity would be more justifiable, but neither asked a question. We embraced in silence, till she put me from her, and said:

"Sit down, Hettie; I have a long story to tell you."

I sat down; and holding my hand tightly, she began:

"Many years ago there lived in old England a happy family. It was composed of the father and mother, and an only child, a daughter. She was the one joy and hope of their lives; everything that wealth and love could give was hers. But ungrateful for all, she fixed her affections on one far beneath her in social position, and unworthy a woman's love. Her parents saw her infatuation, and tried to overcome it, but in vain. She turned from their words of love, and reckless of their weary hearts and blanching heads, fled with her lover. They were married, and for a short time she thought herself the happiest of mortals. But soon a change came. The blackness of her husband's heart displayed itself, and she saw that it was not for herself but her parent's gold that she had been wooed. At his command she sought a reconciliation with her parents. They held out their arms to her; but she must come alone; they would not receive the man who had robbed them. Brute as he was, he was her husband, and by the curse of her woman's nature, she still loved him, and refused the offer. After this came a life over which angels would weep. Baffled in his purpose, her husband avenged his hatred of the parents on her; and the delicate woman whose whole life had been shielded by love and tenderness, cowered beneath

the cruelties, yes, and blows, the wretch heaped upon her. A little child was born, but it only staid long enough to waken a mother's love, and then went away."

Her voice grew softly gentle now, and a tear fell on my hand. But she continued:

"Blacker and blacker grew the clouds, and poverty stared them in the face. One night her husband did not come home. Through the long dreary hours she watched for him, straining her ears for, yet dreading to hear his step; and the gray dawn found her still waiting. Fear for his safety now took possession of her; a little of the old love was left, and she put on her bonnet and shawl and went out to seek him. She passed a group of men, and heard her husband's name. She listened, and learned that she was the wife of a felon; that he, with his accomplices, had been arrested while robbing a gentleman's house. She visited him in his lonely cell, and did her duty till the trial was over and he was sentenced to transportation. He parted from her without a sign of gratitude, a plea for forgiveness, or a word of love, and she was left alone to battle with the world. Like the weary prodigal, she turned to her father's house, trusting all to his love. But God had been merciful to the stricken parents; they had gone home; and another held her inheritance. One great cry now filled her heart. 'Father, take me home!' But grief seldom kills a strong young life; and she must battle on. She left England for America. Her hands were willing, and she soon found work; but it was coarse and heavy, and her health soon failed, and she lay helpless on a bed of sickness. Heaven then sent her a kind friend who nursed her through her illness, and when she recovered took her to her house as nurse and governess for her little children. She lived there five quiet years, and then her friend was called to England. She wished to take her governess with her, but the wanderer felt she could not bear the sight of her native land, and went out into the world again. She advertised for a situation as governess, and obtained one, settled again to her new duties, and then a man crossed her path. What a noble glorious man he was! So kind and tender, and yet so strong. How she drank in the deep tones of his voice, and grew to rest her tired spirit on his strong brave one. She was happy; happier than she had ever been; and then the dream was rudely broken. She knew that he loved her, and she remembered

she was a wife. But it was in vain that she tried to put him from her, and kill his love; it was too true. He told her of it, and offered to make her, the unknown stranger, his wife. It was a fearful temptation; and had she loved him less, she would have fallen. But she was true to her love, and fled from the house, leaving a note, which only told him that she was a felon's wife. Again she battled alone with the world, trying to feed her hungry heart with that gleam of light, and to put from her the aching regret for 'what might have been.' A year ago she saw in a paper the notice of her husband's death. Not daring to believe she wrote to the colony, and one week ago received the confirmation of it. O Hettie! Will you tell all this to Phillip for me? Years have passed, and perhaps he loves me no longer; but I refused his love once, and he can only do the same to mine."

I put my arms around her. Her face looked so weary, how could I tell her that Philip was so far away? She looked at me.

"Hettie, will you tell him?"

"My dear Miss Weldon, Phillip is in Africa!"

I expected she would weep, perhaps faint; but she smiled, and drew from her pocket-book a list of the passengers on the last steamer, and Phillip's name was there. Her eyes again asked the question, and I replied:

"I'll go this very day, and you stay here till I return."

She shook her head.

"You forget that I have duties to perform. No; I will return to my post, and work till I hear from you. I could not bear suspense in idleness. This is my address. And now, Hettie, I must go." She kissed me, and we parted.

That evening I gave the Ashmeads a pair of surprises. The first was, my sudden appearance in their midst, and the second was, showing no astonishment to see Phillip with them. He was changed very much, not in the way that Marion had suggested, but so worn and weary, and the gray was so thickly mingled with his dark hair. How my heart bounded, when I thought that I had come to unbind the cross from those weary shoulders. That night, I told him all, except what I had seen from the piazza. The first train in the morning took him to Miss Weldon; and the next day Marion and she were debating the propriety of my being first bridesmaid for them both at the same time, and the "yeas" carried the house.

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR.

Hale, Amanda M

Ballou's Monthly Magazine (1866-1893); Jun 1875; 41, 6; American Periodicals
pg. 566

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

I NEVER could quite understand that infatuation of the Londoners, which keeps them sweltering in the dust and heat of the town all through the delicious summer days, when English lanes are sweet with roses and hawthorne, when the turf under English oaks is soft and thick, tempting one to most blissful idleness and day-dreaming, and then sends them into the country just in time to catch it in all its forlornness, when the trees are only gigantic scarecrows, and all the odor and freshness has faded from field and lane.

The sitting of Parliament is, I am aware, the pretext; to me an inadequate and unsatisfactory one, because the world of fashion was as oblivious of my existence as I was indifferent to its own, and the gay human parterre that shone in Hyde Park was to me a poor substitute for the dewy wild flowers that I knew were wasting their sweetness unseen in every nook and shady greenery in this dear generous old England of ours.

But a struggling barrister may not choose his holiday, and so I sat in my chambers in the Temple, and went over musty documents, and grew muddled and moist, and ready to confound parliament and people, but knowing that I must hold on until October, when I meant to run down to Scotland for a few days of grouse shooting.

Imagine then my surprise and delight when quite unexpectedly it became necessary for me to leave town. Tossing over my letters one day, pigeon-holing some, flinging others into the waste-basket, and mentally consigning them all to perdition, I came upon Tom Mallory's great, awkward, schoolboy hand—my own name sprawling over a whole envelop, and adorned with an incredible number of flourishes, which gave it a pretentious, important air, and led me to exclaim that something was up now.

I tore it open hastily, and the next moment had sent it whirling towards the ceiling with a loud hurrah. Tom was going to be married! That was a good one. And married to an heiress! More wonderful

and incredible still! Yet there it was in black and white, under Tom's signature,

"I want you to come down," he wrote, "not only to be best man, but in order to arrange some business matters which I had rather entrust to you than to any one else. The old folks—Janet's father and mother, you know—insist upon having most of her property settled on herself, but there's a very pretty estate which I've given them to understand must be put into my hands if I'm to undertake the management of it, for I've no idea of being my wife's steward. We had some words about it, but the old governor came around at last, and I want you here to make everything fast and firm. I want you to see Janet, too. She is the finest girl in the country, and is very much in love with your cousin and friend—Tom Mallory."

I got rather disgusted with my cousin and friend before I finished the letter. Tom had never been a favorite of mine, and it was never a source of pride to me that he bore my family name, and was my cousin though three or four times removed. He was a big burly fellow, twice my size, and used to fag me at Eton most unmercifully. I tried to revenge myself when I grew older by pelting him with squibs and satires, but the fellow had no sensitiveness, and never knew when my pointed arrows went home. He was something of a prig, and a good deal of a scamp. Indeed I had strong suspicions that he was an undeveloped villain. Not that he had ever robbed a bank, or been concerned in house-breaking, or been a defaulter to the extent of a million or so, or in any way distinguished himself. Circumstances make or mar us all, and circumstances had never been favorable to the development of Tom's genius. That was why he had hitherto passed most of his time idling about at country houses, insignificant and unnoticed, instead of setting the crowd agape by what the newspapers euphemistically call a "bold unscrupulous evasion of the law."

A pretty account to give of my relations, you will say. But I cannot help that

Respectable families have had discreditable members ever since that unfortunate homicide in Eden a good many years ago. But I confess that latterly I had rather dropped Tom, partly from a dislike of him, and partly from an idea that he wasn't an altogether desirable connection for a young man who has his way to make, and doesn't want to be bespattered with anybody else's foulness. This being so, it seemed rather mean for me to catch so heartily at the idea of going down to the wedding. As I thought it over I was half inclined not to go, but the longing for a breath of country air conquered my scruples. I had some curiosity too, to see the bride.

Of course I knew Tom was an heiress hunter. What was then left for the younger son of a not very opulent family who was too lazy and dull for any of the working professions?

And so Tom had succeeded. I imagined I knew what the bride was like, stout and muscular, weighing at least one hundred and sixty pounds avoirdupois, a complexion of that rubicund character which comes from plenty of ale and haggis, and a superfluity of the damp cold bracing air of her native lochs and mountains. I grew so sure of the fidelity of my portrait that I really began to pity Tom, and to think that he had paid dearly for his heiress; for if there is anything distasteful to me, it is to see the feminine human soul smothered in music and fat. I couldn't fall in love with Venus herself if she was uncomfortably large. Poor Tom!

I went down to Edinburgh in quite a complacent, contented frame of mind. I wasn't to be sure going to marry an heiress, but when I found the little fairy who was my ordeal—God bless her!—I should be able to support her with my own strong brain and willing hand. I didn't envy Tom in the least, not I.

An hour after leaving Edinburgh the train set me down in the loveliest little valley that lay between the Tweed and the Thames. There was nobody at the station to meet me, but the railway porter pointed to a high red brick house on a hillside a little way up the valley.

"You go in by the gate upon the road, sir. You can see the house plainly now, but as you approach it, it is lost in the foliage. The avenue is a mile long or more, but you must push on."

I pushed on accordingly, in spite of the density of the wood, which led me to fear that I was losing myself, and at last came upon an open green lawn in the very heart of the wood, a bright sunny place, with a flower garden at the further end of it, and a little tinkling fountain that sang through the green stillness as low and softly as if it were a fairy's home.

But I gave only one hasty glance around, for there just at the foot of the steps that led up to the door, stood Miss Janet Douglass. I could not doubt that it was she, tall, ponderous, florid—she was all my fancy had painted her. I took off my hat at once.

"Miss Douglass, is it not?"

She turned her blue eyes upon me. There was a steely gleam in them that made me shiver. After taking a cool survey of me, she said in a deep bass voice that she was Miss Douglass, and I was the Mr. Mallory that Tom had been expecting, she added?

I assured her that I had that honor, and then she put out her hand and said with a smile that showed a very handsome set of artificial teeth:

"I am very happy to see you, sir, and so, too, will poor dear Tom be, I am sure. He often says of you that you are just the same as a brother to him. Poor dear Tom has such an affectionate heart, didn't I think so?" she added.

I stammered out what I hope was a harmless white lie, and sat down, amused and perplexed. It was certainly very frank and *naïve* of her to call him dear Tom, and must be very gratifying to him; but why "poor" Tom? I didn't presume to ask, however, but sat, I hope patiently, while Miss Douglass made conversation. She told me what was the amount of taxes which her father paid, enlightened me as to the net income of the place, and confided to me her opinion of Huddleston, the head manager, who appeared from all she said of him, to be a very worthless sort of a fellow. She also gave me a detailed account of the MacVicars, neighbors of theirs, who lived some five miles away, and how it came about that the engagement between the eldest Miss MacVicars and Sir Aleck Wallace was broken off, and how he felt, and how she felt, and how their dear five hundred friends felt, all of which, as I did not know, and devoutly hoped I never

should know the parties, was, you may imagine, very interesting to me. Just as she had reached that limit beyond which I am sure human endurance must have ceased, there was a diversion made by a stylish dray being driven up to the door.

An exclamation from Miss Douglass startled me.

"O dear, dear! Mr. Mallory, run out directly, do."

I did so. There were only ladies in the vehicle, and the horses, a handsome spirited pair of bays, were not at all inclined to be controlled by the slender hands that held the reins, and were backing and plunging in a manner quite terrifying to weak nerves. It was the work of a moment to seize the bridle, and then I looked up at the occupants of the carriage.

Two of the girls, handsome stylish brunettes, were screaming with terror, and only recovered their equanimity when I assured them repeatedly that all danger was past. The third, who held the reins, was a little delicate creature, scarcely more than a child in size, with a lovely spirituelle face, framed in bands of brown hair that lay across her forehead as smooth and plain as a nun's. The large soft hazel eyes were dilated with fright, and the sweet face was as white as snow. As I helped her to alight, she said, tremulously:

"Thank you very much. I was afraid to drive the bays, but Tom insisted that I might, and so we left him at Ilderton."

"Left him at Ilderton!" Miss Douglass had rushed out and now began in *medias res*. "The naughty fellow! Doesn't he know that Mr. Mallory must be come by this time? I should have thought, Nettie—"

She broke off short here, and looking around I caught a glimpse of the little lady's garments as she fled up stairs. Miss Douglass looked abashed for an instant, but presently recovering her composure, introduced me to the Miss MacVicars. They were dashing brilliant girls, and there was an interchange of sharp jests for a few minutes; then the ladies went to dress for dinner, and I strolled off upon the lawn to enjoy my cigar. I took two or three turns around the garden, admiring the pure white lilies and the rosy splendor of the oleanders, and then threw myself down under a tree, and presently fell into a drowse.

I was soon awakened by a shout loud

and sonorous enough for a *view-halloa*. I gathered myself up, sleepily.

"Is that you, Tom?"

Of course it was he, and I am bound to confess that time had not improved his looks, and he was never a beauty. But I thought of Miss Douglass, and remembered that matches were made in heaven.

"Have you seen her?" said Tom, presently.

"Miss Douglass? Yes."

"Isn't she a stunner?" asked Tom, enthusiastically.

"She is indeed!" I said, warmly.

"I knew you'd think so!" rejoined Tom. "Just in your style, isn't she? I always thought that if you'd seen her first, you'd have fallen in love with her yourself."

"Indeed!" I said, dryly. Tom was so conceited and satisfied, that I couldn't resist the temptation of giving him an ugly little poke, so I added, "Don't you think, though, my dear fellow, that there is rather too much of her?"

Tom stared at me for a moment, and then laughed, uproariously.

"By Jove, that is a good one!" he said, when he could speak.

"And who are the Miss MacVicars?" I said, presently, for I was cautiously feeling my way towards an inquiry after my little beauty.

"Nice girls," said Tom, warmly, "especially Flora. Ain't she sharp on a flirtation, though—carries a man beyond his depth before he knows it."

I listened to Tom's coarse speech, and looking up into his coarse face wondered whether Miss Douglass would not box his ears if she were there.

I had a great repugnance to asking any more questions of Tom, but in the end my eagerness to know something of the pretty brown-haired fairy conquered.

"And who was the little lady that drove home with them?" I asked, as carelessly as I could.

"What," said Tom, "what lady? I didn't know anybody drove home with them. I should think there were enough of them in the house now."

"I mean the pretty brown-haired girl who held the reins when the horses came dashing up the avenue. Her face was as white as snow, but it was a very lovely one, nevertheless."

Tom stared at me, an expression of won-

der beginning to creep over his face.

"Was she fair, and had she curls?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What did she wear?"

"Some delicate gray stuff, and, O, there was a jaunty feather in her cap. What in Heaven's name are you staring so for?"

Tom burst out laughing. He laughed till he grew so red that I was in mortal fear of apoplexy, and only came round at last when I threatened to hold him under the fountain.

"Why, you blockhead," he gasped at length. "That was Janet."

"Janet Douglass! the girl whom you are going to marry?" I said, after a moment's speechless astonishment.

"Of course. Why, Hal, I thought you said you had seen her."

"I—I thought I had," I stammered. "I thought the tall one was Miss Janet."

"You did? Why, that is Miss Mary, daughter of the first Mrs. Douglass, you see. Did you think I was going to marry her? Give me credit for better taste, Hal. Besides, she hasn't a penny. Janet's fortune comes from her mother; the Douglass family are as poor as church mice. And so you took the old girl for Janet? Do you know I meant you should marry her? O, you needn't be angry. You see I knew she would make a dead set at you the moment she saw you, and that she did I see now by your face."

Just here the dinner bell sounded, and we went in. In the dining-room I was introduced to Mr. Douglass, a hale old gentleman, full of prejudice and bigotry, with a leaven of superstition, but warm-hearted and affable.

The Miss MacVicars appeared in a jaunty costume that suited their piquant style to a charm. Miss Flora, especially, looked so pretty, and ogled Tom in such a bewitching manner, to Tom's evident delight, that I couldn't help thinking Miss Janet's heart must ache a little, if she loved Tom. But she sat there in her pretty muslin dress, looking as fresh, and pure, and calm as a lily. Her face was as innocent as a child's, and her manner as unaffected. Before dinner was over, I was more than half in love with her myself—though, indeed, I had been that from the first—and began to grudge Tom his good fortune in winning the love of such a girl.

But had he won it? Some curious doubts began to grow up in my mind. I watched her when she would look up into his face, and fancied those sweet blue eyes would have had a different expression if looking into the face of the man she loved. I was not young and foolish enough to imagine that betrothal necessarily included the idea of love. That illusion had faded along with a good many pleasant fictions which I had believed in when I was younger. She might be going to marry him for any one of the fifty reasons that are sure to influence more or less such a decision.

Here then was a chance for a romantic melodrama. All the elements were upon the spot; if I had been a Frenchman, I dare say I should have made love to her, and supplanted Tom; then there would have been an elopement, a pursuit, a duel, and a bloody denouement. But being only a commonplace young Englishman, with some old-fashioned notions concerning honor and propriety, I contented myself with confounding Tom's luck, and growing sentimental over my cigar, in the solitude of my own room.

It was a glorious summer night; the moon, round and large, flooded the world in a brightness, yellow and warm, and far lovelier than daylight; so clear, too, that as I leaned forward from my window to catch the breath of the oleanders, I could plainly see the outline of the leaves and blossoms.

It was past twelve o'clock, and the country lay still under the moonlight, so still, that when I pushed aside the woodbine that clambered over my window, the long branches shook with a rustle and a stir that filled all the air.

My cigar was burned down at last, and I rose to go to bed; the silence and the beauty of the night weighed upon me. Just as I put my hand upon the window curtain to lower it, a loud curdling shriek broke upon the awful stillness, a cry so full of agony and horror that I was thrilled with fright. In an instant I had rushed from the room, and ran along the corridor in the direction from whence the sound proceeded.

The sound of heavy convulsive sobs arrested me, coming from the apartment which I knew was Miss Janet's. I burst open the door, without a moment's hesitation. She was cowering upon the floor, her long hair floating over her shoulders, and

her face white and wild. I lifted her up, and she clung to me, sobbing pitifully, but her eyes were quite dry and dilated, and the pretty mouth quivered and worked in vain attempts to speak.

I prayed her to be composed, and tell me what had terrified her, but before she had in the least degree calmed herself, the whole household were upon the spot, overwhelming us with questions and exclamations. The poor child looked from one to another, and trembled like a frightened bird.

"What is the matter, Janet? Can't you speak, and tell us what is the matter?" said Miss Douglass, speaking up distinct and loud, as one does to a deaf person.

"Wait, I pray," I said, impatiently. "Don't you see she is incapable of speaking? Bring some wine, somebody."

Somebody brought wine. It was Tom, and as he gave it to her, he muttered something about woman's nerves. I did not catch it all, but I think Janet did, for the color began to come back to her face, and she withdrew herself from my arms.

"Thank you! I can stand now, I think," she said, faintly.

We gave her more wine, and then Flora MacVicars coming to her side, said:

"Now, dear, can't you tell us what frightened you?" The tone was very gentle, but I noticed that her black eyes were as bright as diamonds.

Janet's lips moved once or twice before any sound was audible. At length she said, low and solemnly:

"I have had a warning!"

A sudden pallor and gravity fell upon the group. No one spoke except Tom, who exclaimed, "Fudge!"

Janet's eyes turned upon him, full of melancholy reproach.

"I have had a warning, Tom," she repeated, still in that solemn frightened tone.

"What was it, dear? Tell us all about it," said Flora MacVicars.

Janet seemed to try to gather firmness for the story, and her face blanched, and her lips grew tense, as she said:

"I saw my face in the mirror!"

There was an exclamation from Miss Douglass and her father, and as I looked up, I almost smiled at the alarm in their faces. Superstition is a part of the Scotch nature, and the Douglass family had a broad deep vein of it.

"I had been trying on some of my bridal things," said Janet, flushing a little, "and standing before the mirror to see the effect, and last of all, I put on this white wrapper. I had been in front of the glass, and I think I had forgotten what I was doing, for I was not looking at myself, only thinking steadily. But by-and-by I looked up—full into the mirror—and then beside my face and figure was another face and figure—in white, like myself. I gazed at it a moment, and then—I don't know what I did then—I suppose I shrieked."

There was a moment's silence, and then I said:

"Are you sure the face was your own?"

"Yes, only," and here she shuddered, "it was ghastly white, like a dead person's."

Nobody spoke at once, but in a moment Flora MacVicars whispered:

"It is a sign that she will die before the year is out."

Janet caught it, and turned around with a sharp cry.

"Yes, I am going to die, and O, I am afraid to die!"

Afraid to die? Was that strange? A young creature full of warm life, her blood alive and quick, her nerves alert and sensitive, clinging tenaciously to the dear old familiar earth, to go out suddenly and alone—Where? Can one do more than guess? Only that we are sure that no smallest corner of the universe is outside of God's ken. But we forget that too often, and I looked at Janet with a pity that I could not express. Yet I thought if I were her lover, I should surely take her in my arms and soothe, if I could not reason, away her alarm.

But Tom stood by like a stupid lout as he was, while I went on volubly about optical delusions, and a great deal of unintelligible nonsense. But it was of no use. Janet only shook her head sadly, silenced but not convinced, and at last we—the gentlemen—went away, leaving her to her sister and the Miss MacVicars.

I had reflected a great deal upon the hold which a traditional superstition may acquire over a naturally intelligent mind, but I was not prepared for the astounding news that greeted me when I descended to the breakfast-room the next morning. There was to be no wedding, after all.

"No wedding?" I echoed, in surprise.

"No!" Janet said it with a fixed immovable face. She was appointed to die, and marriage would be a mockery, she said. Nothing could shake her resolution. Reason and ridicule were alike useless. The old Scotch superstition was too strong to be uprooted.

"She should never go to the kirk a bride. The veil and the orange flowers were not for her."

Tom fumed, and pished, and sulked, and finally appealed to Janet's father. But Mr. Douglass, believing as implicitly in the "warning" as Janet did herself, dared not exert his authority, and Miss Douglass had cried her eyes and nose red, and was altogether in such a collapsed and incapable state, that she could not make an effort in Tom's behalf.

So two or three days went by, and Janet remained immovable. Under these circumstances Tom developed fast. At last there was a scene in the library. Tom's words stole out to where I sat with my cigar upon the piazza. They were coarse and brutal, and I started up with a sudden indignant impulse. But then came Janet's tones, soft and low between little choking sobs.

"I am afraid I don't love you, Tom. I have been afraid that I did not for a long time; now I am almost sure of it. I think, perhaps, God meant to keep us apart. I am not sure, Tom, but I had rather die than marry you."

Tom came out, presently. I was almost afraid my face would betray my satisfaction to him. But he was as mole-eyed as usual.

"It's all up," he said, sullenly. "I don't care, though," with a half laugh. "There are as good fish in the sea as ever swam. What do you think of Miss MacVicars?"

"She will do very well," I said. And so I thought. And so did Tom, for two months afterwards, when I was back in the Temple burrowing among law papers, he wrote to say they were married, and were going abroad.

Somehow Janet's natty little figure became ubiquitous. She peeped out of musty folios, hid between the leaves of Coke and Littleton, and came between me and many a grim-faced client. At length, towards the last of the year, I wrote to Miss Douglass inquiring for her sister, and begging that I might pay them a visit.

Her letter in reply came promptly. Janet was very delicate, growing thin and white every day, yet there was no apparent physical ailment; if she could be tided safely over the New Year, it would all be well. If I would come and help them through it, they would be thankful.

I went down at once. Janet was lovelier than ever, paler, more spirituelle, her large eyes unnaturally bright, her breath coming fast at the least excitement. I had consulted a London physician before I went down, and now proceeded to put his directions into practice. I walked, rode and sang with her; I told her all the stories I could remember, and invented new ones, and made her laugh in spite of herself; I read romances, I charmed her with poetry. It would have been a dangerous practice for me, if I had not been willing to accept the results.

At length the last night of the old year came. She had been in a fever all day, and at dark there was a crimson rose upon each cheek. If midnight passed and nothing happened, she confessed, half crying, half smiling, she should think the warning was not going to come true. She walked the house all day, unable to sit still. At dusk I heard her say, "Now we shall soon know."

By-and-by I coaxed her to listen to the beautiful idyl of Enid. It was new to her, and she could not help listening, though her eyes frequently wandered away toward the clock, which was fast moving on to the midnight. Finishing Enid, I read here and there in the volume, and the music of the verse soothed her, though she presently lost all idea of the sense. At last to my great joy she fell asleep. When she awoke, I leaned over her, and wished her a happy new year. The blue eyes opened wide. They sought the clock.

It was half past one.

"Yes, dear. The old year has gone, and with it the frightful phantom, isn't it?"

Her eyes slowly filled.

"I should have died but for you," she said.

"I think you would. But I shall show you how you can pay me." And I did.

Whether Miss MacVicars had anything to do with the face in the mirror I never knew, but I have my suspicions.

Augusta, Clara

Ballou's Monthly Magazine (1866-1893); May 1875; 41, 5; American Periodicals

pg. 413

THE FATAL GLOVE:

—OR,—

THE HISTORY OF A STREET-SWEEPER.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

PART I.

ARCH TREVLYN had had a good day. Business had been brisk. The rain had fallen steadily since daybreak, and the street-crossings in New York were ankle deep in mud. The little street-sweeper's arms ached fearfully, but his pocket was full of pennies, interspersed with an occasional half-dime, for we are writing of a time before silver coin was a myth.

The clouds were breaking in the west, and a gleam of sunshine gilded the tall spire of St. John's. Arch shouldered his broom, and whistled a merry tune, as he took his way homeward. His bright dark eyes sparkled as he thought how the sight of his earnings would cheer his feeble mother. She could have some tea now, with real milk and some sugar in it, and an orange, too. Only yesterday she was wishing she had an orange.

Arch's way led past a horticultural store, and his eye wandered longingly over the display of flowers in the window. He must have just one wee white rose, because only the Sabbath before, while he sat at his mother's feet, she had wept in telling him about the sweet roses that used to grow under the window of the little country cottage where her happy youth had been spent. In those days long ago, before sorrow and misfortune hid all the bright sunshine in clouds.

The white rose would be like bringing back to her ever so little a bit of the happy past. It could not cost much, and Arch felt wealthy as a prince. He stepped into the store and asked the price of a white rose. The clerk answered him roughly.

"Get out of the store, you young rascal! You want to steal something!"

"I am not a thief, sir," said the boy proudly, his sallow cheeks crimsoning, hot-

ly. "I want a rose for my mother. I guess I can pay for it!"

"It's half a dollar, if you want it," said the man, sneeringly. "Shell out the tin, or take yourself off this minute!"

Archer's countenance fell. He had not half a dollar in all. He turned sadly away, his head drooping, his lip quivering. O, how very hard it was to be poor, he thought, looking enviously at the costly carriage with a pair of splendid grays, standing before the door.

"Stop, little boy!" said a sweet voice from somewhere among the roses and heliotropes. "Is your mother sick?"

Arch removed his cap—some inborn spirit of courtesy prompting him to be reverent toward the glorious vision which burst upon him. For a moment he thought he saw an angel, and almost expected that she would unfold her silvery wings, and vanish in a golden cloud from his sight. But after the first glimpse, he saw that she was a little girl about his own age—eight or nine years, perhaps; with yellow curls, deep hazel eyes, a mouth like a rosebud, and a blue silk frock. She repeated the question:

"Is your mother sick, little boy?"

"No, she is not sick, for she always sits up and sews. But she is not strong, and her cheeks never have any color in them, like yours."

"And does she love flowers?"

"Yes, she loves them dearly. She kisses them always, when she has any. And that's not often."

"Does she? That's nice. Just like I do!" said the little girl, in a pleased voice.

"Mr. Burns,"—to the gruff clerk—"here is a dollar. Give me some real nice roses, and two or three sweet pinks. The lady

shall have some flowers. Tell her I sent them!"

"Who shall I say sent them?"

"Margie Harrison. Will she know me, think?"

"I guess not. But it's all the same. I shall tell her you are one of the angels, any way. She knows about them, for she's told me ever so much about them."

The little girl laughed, and gave him the flowers.

"Don't soil them with your grimy hands," she said, a little saucily; "and when you get home—let's see, what's your name?"

"Archer Trevlyn."

"Why, what a nice name! Just like names in a story-book. I know some elegant people by the name of Trevlyn. But they live in a big house, and have flowers enough of their own. So they can't be your folks, can they?"

"No, they're not my folks," replied the boy, with a touch of bitterness in his voice.

"Well, Archer, when you get home; you wash your face, do! It's so dirty!"

The boy flushed hotly. If one of his companions had said that to him, he would have knocked him down instantly. But he forgave everything this little girl said, because she was so beautiful and so kind.

"I am a street-sweeper, miss."

"O, that accounts for it then. It's very muddy to-day, and you must be tired. Hark! there's Florine calling me. Good-by, Archer."

She vanished, and a moment later the boy saw her disappear within the glittering carriage, which, loaded down with fragrant blossoms, was driven slowly away. He stood a little while looking after it, then pulling his cap down over his eyes, and grasping the stems of her flowers tightly in his little purple hand, he started for home.

Home! it could hardly be called so, and yet it was home to Archer. His mother was there—the dear mother who was all the world to him, and whom he loved just as tenderly as the children looking out at him from the brown stone fronts loved their mothers. It was in a poor part of the city, an old tumble-down wooden house, swarming with tenants, teeming with misery, filth and crime.

Up a crazy flight of steps and turning to the right, Arch saw that the door of his mother's room was half way open, and the

storm had beaten in on the floor. It was all damp and dismal, and such an indescribable air of desolation over everything! Archer's heart beat a little slower as he went in. His mother sat in an arm-chair by the window, an uncovered box in her lap, and a miniature locket clasped in her hand.

"O mother! mother dearest!" cried Arch, holding up the flowers, "only see what I have got! An angel gave them to me! A very angel, with hair like the sunshine, and a blue frock, all real silk! And I have got my pocket full of pennies, and you shall have an orange, mother, and ever so many nice things beside. See, mother dear!"

He displayed a handful of coin, but she did not notice him. He looked at her through the gloom of the twilight, and a feeling of terrible awe stole over him. He crept to her side, and touched her cheek with his finger. It was cold as ice. A mortal pallor overspread his face, the pennies and the flowers rolled unheeded to the floor.

"Dead! dead! My mother is dead!" he cried, speaking in that awfully calm and deliberate way we always dread to see in those who are afflicted, because it is so nearly allied to madness.

He did not display any of the passionate grief which is natural to childhood—there were no tears in his feverish eyes. He took her cold hand in his own, and stood there all night long, smoothing back the beautiful hair, and talking to her as one would talk to a sick child.

It was thus that Mat Miller found him the next morning. Mat was a little older than himself, a street-sweeper also. She and Arch had always been good friends; they sympathized with each other when bad luck was on them, and they cheered lustily when fortune smiled.

"Hurrah, Arch!" cried Mat, as she burst into the room, "it rains again, and we shall get a harvest! Good gracious, Arch! is—your—mother dead?"

"Hush!" said the boy, putting down the cold hand; "I have been trying to warm her all night, but it is no use. Only just feel how like ice my hands are. I wish I was as cold all over, and then they would let me stay with my mother."

"O Arch!" cried the girl, sinking down beside him on the desolate hearth, "it's a

hard world to live in! I wonder if when folks be dead they have to sweep crossings, and be kicked and cuffed round by old grandmas when they don't get no pennies? If they don't, then I wish I was dead, too, Arch!"

"I suppose it's wicked, Mat. She used to say so. She told me never to get tired of waiting for God's own time—her very words, Mat. Well, now her time has come, and I am all alone—all alone! O mother—mother!" He threw himself down before the dead woman, and his form shook with emotion, but not a tear came to his eyes. Only that hard stony look of hopeless despair. Mat crept up to him, and took his head in her lap, smoothing softly the matted chestnut hair.

"Don't take on so, Arch! don't!" she cried, the tears running down over her sunburnt face. "I'll be a mother to ye, Arch! I will, indeed! I know I'm a little brat, but I love you, Arch, and sometime when we get bigger, I'll marry you, Arch, and we'll live in the country, where there's birds and flowers, and it's just like the Park all round. Don't feel so, don't!"

Arch pressed the dirty little hands that fluttered about him—for, next to his mother, he loved Mat.

"I will go out now and call somebody," she said; "there's Mrs. Hill and Peggy Sullivan, if she aint drunk. Either of them will come!" And a few moments later the room was filled with the rude neighbors.

There were many pitiful faces among them, for Mrs. Trevlyn's sweet quiet ways and lovely face had won the respect of her fellow-lodgers; and some of them were acquainted with the sad history of her brief but troubled life. Thank God! it was all peace with her now.

They did not think it necessary to call a coroner. She had been ailing for a long time. Heart complaint, the physician said, and she had probably died in one of those spasms to which she was subject. So they robed her for the grave, and when all was done, Arch stole in and laid the pinks and roses on her breast.

"O mother! mother!" he said, bending over her in agony, "she sent them to you, and you shall have them! I thought they would make you so happy! Well, maybe they will now! Who can tell?"

The funeral was a very poor one. A

kind city missionary prayed over the remains, and the hearse was followed to Potter's Field only by Mat and Arch, ragged and tattered, but sincere mourners.

When they came back Mat took Arch's hand and led him into the wretched den she called home.

"You shall stay here, Arch, with Grandma Rugg and me. She said you might if you'd be a good boy, and not plague the cat. Grandma's a rough one, but she aint kicked me since I tore her cap off. I'm too big to be kicked now. Sitdown, Arch; you know you can't stay at home now."

Yes, to be sure he could not stay there any longer. No one knew that any better than Arch. The landlord had warned him out that very morning. A half quarter's rent was still due, and the meagre furniture would barely suffice to satisfy his claim. Hitherto Mrs. Trevlyn had managed to pay her expenses, but now that she was gone, Arch knew that it was more than folly to think of renting a room. Though none could tell how fondly he clung to that meagre room with its crazy furniture and its desolate aspect, all reminding him so forcibly of her. He could not suppress a cry of pain when they came to take away the things; and when they laid their rude hands on the chair in which she died, poor Arch could endure no more, but fled out into the street, and wandered about till hunger and weariness forced him back to the old haunt.

He accepted the hospitality of Grandma Rugg, and made his home with her and Mat. The influences which surrounded him were not calculated to develop good principles, and Arch grew rude and boisterous, like the other street boys. He heard the vilest language—oaths were the rule rather than the exception in Grigg Court, as the place was called—and gambling, and drunkenness, and licentiousness abounded. Still, it was singular how much evil Arch shunned. He swore sometimes when he was angry; and got mixed up in fights, and knocked down all the boys who insulted him, and believed that might was right, but, after all, he was not like the rest of them. Something kept him. He did not sink down utterly. He was never coarse, never brutal.

But there was growing within him a principle of bitter hatred which one day might embitter his whole existence. Per-

haps he had cause for it; he thought he had, and cherished it with jealous care, lest it should be annihilated as the years went on.

From his mother's private papers he had learned much of her history that he had before been ignorant of. She had never spoken to him very freely of the past. She knew how proud and high his temper was, and acted with wisdom in burying the story of her wrongs in her own breast.

His father, Hubert Trevlyn, had come of a proud family. There was no bluer blood in the land than that which ran in the veins of the Trevlyns. Not very far back they had an earl for their ancestor, and, better than that, the whole long lineage had never been tarnished by a breath of dishonor. All the sons and all the daughters had married in their own rank, and gone down to the grave with unsullied memories.

Hubert was the sole child of his father, and in him were centered many bright and precious hopes. His father was a kind parent, though a stern one, who would never brook a shade of disobedience in this boy upon whom his fondest hopes and aspirations were fixed.

When Hubert was about twenty-four he went into the country for his health, which was never very robust, and while there he met Helen Crayton. It was a case of love at first sight, but none the less pure and steadfast on that account. Helen was an orphan—a poor seamstress, but beautiful and intelligent beyond any woman he had ever met. It was fate, perhaps, or maybe Providence—whichever you please to call it. They loved, and they would not be cheated out of their happiness by any worldly opposition. Hubert wrote to his father, informing him of his love for Helen, and asking his consent to their union. Such a letter as he received in return! It bade him give up the girl at once and return home. If he ever spoke to her again he was disowned forever! He might consider himself houseless and homeless.

Hubert had some of the proud Trevlyn blood in his composition, and this letter roused it thoroughly. A week afterward he was the husband of Helen Crayton. He took his young wife to the city, and having something of a talent for painting, he opened a studio, hoping to receive suffi-

cient patronage from his friends to support his family in comfort.

But he had not rightly calculated the extent of his father's hatred. He made himself the evil genius of his disobedient son; and, in consequence, nothing Hubert touched prospered. Mr. Trevlyn destroyed the confidence of his friends in him; he circulated scandalous reports of his wife; he made the public to look with suspicious eye upon the unfortunate pair, and took the honestly-earned bread out of their very mouths. From bad to worse it went on, until broken in health and spirits, Hubert made an appeal to his father. It was a cold wet night, and he begged for a little food for his wife and child. They were literally starving! Begged of his own father, and was refused with curses. Not only refused, but kicked like a dog from the door of his childhood home! There was a fearful storm that night, and Hubert did not come back. All night his young wife sat waiting for him, hushing the feeble cries of the weary infant upon her breast. With the dawn, she muffled herself and child in a shawl, and went forth to seek him. Half way from her wretched home to the palatial mansion of Mr. Trevlyn she found her husband. Stone dead, and shrouded in the snow—the tender pitiful snow that covered him and his wretchedness from sight.

After that, people who knew Mr. Trevlyn said that he grew more fretful and disagreeable. His hair was bleached white as the snow, his hands shook, and his erect frame was bowed and bent like that of a very aged man. His wife, Hubert's mother, pined away to a mere shadow, and before the lapse of a year she was a hopeless idiot.

Helen Trevlyn took up the burden of her life, refusing to despair, because of her child. But for that she might have sunken and died then. It was a hard struggle for her, and she lived on until, as we have seen, when Archer was nine years of age she grew weary, and left it all with God.

When all this was known to Archer Trevlyn he was almost beside himself with passion. If he had possessed the power, he would have wiped the whole Trevlyn race out of existence. He shut himself up in his desolate garret, with the telltale letters and papers which had belonged to his

mother, and there, all alone, he took a fearful oath of vengeance. The wrongs of his parents should yet be visited on the head of the man who had been so cruelly unpitying. He did not care that the head was white with age, or the hands palsied, or the form bent and shrunken. He did not know what form his revenge might take, but, so sure as he lived, it should fall sometime!

* * . * * *

Five years passed. Archer was fourteen years of age. He had left the street-sweeping business some time before, at the command of Grandma Rugg, and entered a third-class restaurant as an under-waiter. It was not the best school in the world for good morals. The people who frequented the Garden Rooms, as they were called, were mostly of a low class, and all the interests and associations surrounding Arch were bad. But perhaps he was not one to be influenced very largely by his surroundings. His nature had become so hardened as not to receive impressions readily. So the Garden Rooms, if they did not make him better, did not make him worse, which was some consolation, though a sorry one.

In all these years he had kept the memory of Margie Harrison fresh and green, though he had not seen her since the day his mother died. The remembrance of her beauty and purity kept him oftentimes from sin; and when he felt tempted to give utterance to oaths, her soft eyes seemed to come between him and temptation.

One day he was going across the street to make change for a customer, when a stylish carriage came dashing along. The horses shied at some object, and the pole of the carriage struck Arch and knocked him down. The driver drew in the horses with an imprecation.

Arch picked himself up, and stood recovering his scattered senses, leaning against a lamppost.

"Served ye right!" said the coachman, roughly. "You'd no business to be a running befront of folkses carriages."

"Stop!" said a clear voice inside the coach. "What has occurred, Peter?"

"Only a ragged boy knocked down; but he's up again all right. Shall I drive on? You will be late to the concert."

"I shall survive it, if I am," said the

voice. "Get down and open the door. I must see if the child is hurt."

"It's no child, miss; it is a boy older than yourself," said the man, surly obeying the command.

Margie Harrison descended to the pavement. From the sweet voice, Arch had almost expected to see her. A flush of grateful admiration lit up his face. She beamed upon him like a star from the depth of the clouds.

"Are you hurt?" she asked, kindly. "It was very careless of Peter to let the carriage strike you. Allow us to take you home."

"Thank you," he said. "I am close to where I work, and I am not hurt. Only a trifling bruise."

Something familiar about him seemed to strike her; she looked at him with a strangely puzzled face, but he gave her no light.

"Is there nothing we can do for you?" she asked, at length.

A great presumption almost took his breath away. He gave it voice on the moment, afraid if he waited he should lack the courage.

"If you will give me the cluster of bluebells in your belt—"

She looked surprised, hesitated a moment, then laid them in his hand. He bowed, and was lost in the crowd.

That night when he got home he found Mat worse. She had been failing a long time. She was a large girl now, with great preternaturally bright eyes, and a spot of crimson in each hollow cheek.

It was more than three months since she had been able to do anything, and Grandma Rugg was very harsh and severe with her in consequence. There were black-and-blue places on her shoulders now where she had been beaten, but Arch did not know it. Mat never spoke to him about her sufferings, because it distressed him so, and made him so angry with the old woman.

He went in and sat down on the straw beside Mat; and almost before he knew it he was telling her about Margie Harrison. He always brought all his joys and sorrows to Mat now, just as he used to carry them to his mother.

The girl listened intently, the spots on her face growing deeper and wider. She looked at the bluebells wistfully, but

would not touch them. Arch offered her a spray. She shook her head sadly.

"No, they are not for me. Keep them, Arch. Sometime, I think, you will be rich and happy, and have all the flowers and beautiful things you wish."

"If I ever am, Mat, you shall be my queen, and dress in gold and silver!" answered the boy, warmly. "And never do any more hard work to make your hands hard!"

"You are very good, Arch," she said. "I thank you, but I shall not be there, you know. I think I am going away—going where I shall see my mother, and your mother, too, Arch; and where all the world will be full of flowers! Then I shall think of you, Arch, and wish I could send you some."

"Mat, dear Mat! don't talk so strangely!" said the boy, clasping her hot hands in his. "You must not think of going away! What should I do without you?"

She smiled, and touched her lips to his hand, which had stolen under her head, and lay so near her cheek.

"You would forget me, Arch. I mean after a time, and I should want you to. But I love you better than anything else in all the world! And it is better that I should die. A great deal better! Last night I dreamed it was. Your mother came and told me so. Do you know how jealous I have been of that Margie Harrison? I have watched you closely. I have seen you kiss a dead rose that I know she gave you. And I longed to see her so much, that I have waited around the splendid house where she lives, and seen her time and again come out to ride, with her beautiful dresses, and the white feather in her hat, and the wild roses on her cheeks. And my heart ached with such a hot bitter pain! But it's all over now, Arch. I am not jealous now. I love her and you. Both of you together. If I do go away, I want you to think kindly of me, and—and—good-night, Arch—dear Arch. I am so tired."

He gathered her head to his bosom, and kissed her lips—kissed her with tears on his cheek.

Poor little Mat! In the morning, when Arch came down, Mat had indeed gone away. Drifted out with the tide and with the silent night.

After Mat's death the home at Grandma

Rugg's became insupportable to Arch. He could not remain there. The old woman was crosser than ever, and though he gave her every penny of his earnings, she was not satisfied.

So Arch took his destiny into his own hands, and took lodgings in another part of the city. Quite as poor a place, but there no one had the right to grumble at him. Still, because she was some relation to Mat, he gave Grandma Rugg full half of his money, but he never remained inside her doors longer than necessity demanded.

In his new lodgings he became acquainted with a middle-aged man, who represented himself as a retired army officer. His name was John Sharp. A sleek, keen-eyed, smooth-tongued individual, who never boasted or blustered, but who gave people the idea that sometime he had been a person of consequence. This man attached himself particularly to Arch Trevlyn. With insidious cunning he wormed himself into the boy's confidence, and gained, to a certain degree, his friendship. Arch did not trust him entirely, though. There was something about him from which he shrank—the touch of his white jewelled hand made his flesh creep like the touch of a serpent; and there was something in his little affected laugh that jarred unpleasantly on the feelings of the boy.

But Mr. Sharp had an object to gain, and set himself resolutely to work to carry his point. He was not in the habit of giving up any scheme until it was fully accomplished. He made himself necessary to Arch. He bought him books, and taught him evenings, when neither was engaged otherwise. He had been well educated, and in Arch he had an apt scholar. Every spare moment of the boy's life was absorbed in his books. They seemed like a part of some life belonging to him, but which he had missed. They brought to him something of the happiness of which his childhood had been defrauded. When he had a book in his hand it somehow seemed as if he were nearer Margie Harrison and the pure atmosphere in which she lived. It was a quaint silly fancy, but it pleased him, nevertheless, and he indulged it.

By-and-by Sharp learned the whole history of the wrongs inflicted on Arch's parents by old Mr. Trevlyn. He snapped at the story as a dog snaps at a bone. How

strangely successful his plans bade fair to become! He could not have asked for anything different. But he was cautious and patient, and it was a long time before he showed himself to Arch in his true character. And then when he did, the revelation had been made so much by degrees that the boy was hardly shocked to find that his friend was a housebreaker and a highway robber.

Long before he had formed a plan to rob the house of Mr. Trevlyn. It was a field that promised well. Mr. Trevlyn, with the idiosyncrasy of age, had invested most of his fortune in diamonds, and these he kept in a chamber in his house. His chief delight consisted in gloating over these precious stones. He had lost all taste for worldly enjoyments—he was a stern, hard-hearted old recluse, shunned by all, and valued by none. Night after night he would sit handling his diamonds, chuckling over his wealth, and threatening imaginary plunderers with destruction.

So his servants said, and Sharp repeated the story to Arch, with sundry variations and alterations suited to the case. He had a persuasive tongue, and it is little wonder that the boy, hating his grandfather as he did, and resolved as he was upon revenging his father's wrongs, should fall into the snare. He wanted Mr. Trevlyn to suffer—he did not care how. If the loss of his diamonds would be to him a severer blow than any other, then let it fall. He was ready to strike. You will begin to see that my hero is by no means a faultless one, because I do not believe in faultless people.

Sharp used many specious arguments to induce Arch to become his accomplice in robbing the Trevlyn mansion, but the only one which had any weight was that he could thus revenge his father's wrongs.

"Only assist me, and secure your revenge," said the wily schemer, "and I will share the spoils with you. There will be enough to enrich us both for life!"

Arch drew himself up proudly, a fiery red on his cheek, a dangerous gleam in his dark eye.

"I am no thief, sir! I'd scorn to take a cent from that old man to use for my benefit! I would not touch his diamonds if they lay here at my feet! But if I can make him suffer anything like as my poor father suffered through him, then I am

ready to turn robber—yes, pickpocket! if you will!" he added, savagely.

Sharp appointed the night. His plans were craftily laid. Mr. Trevlyn, he had ascertained, would be absent on Thursday night; he had taken a little journey into the country for his health, and only the servants and his ward would sleep in the house. Sharp argued rightly, that he would fear to take his diamonds with him, on account of the danger of loss; the only wonder was that he had undertaken the journey at all.

Thursday night was dark and rainy. At midnight Sharp and Arch stood before the house they were about to plunder. No thought of shame or sin entered Archer Trevlyn's heart; he did not seem to think he was about to disgrace himself for life; he thought only of Mr. Trevlyn's dismay when he should return to find the bulk of his riches swept away from him at one blow.

"He took all my father had!" he said, under his breath; "he would have sullied the fair fame of my mother; and if I could take from him everything but life, I would do it. But that never! no—no—I could not be a murderer!"

Sharp with a dexterous skill removed the fastenings of a shutter, and then the window yielded readily to his touch. He stepped inside; Arch followed. All was quiet, save the heavy ticking of the old clock on the hall stairs. Up the thickly-carpeted stairway, along the corridor they passed, and Sharp stopped before a closed door.

"We must pass through one room before reaching that where the safe is which contains the treasure," he said, in a whisper. "It is possible that there may be some one sleeping in that room. If so, leave them to me, that is all."

He opened the door with one of a bunch of keys which he carried, and noiselessly entered. The gas was turned down low, but a mellow radiance filled the place. A bed stood in one corner, and Sharp advanced toward it. The noise he had made, slight though it was, aroused the occupant, and as she started up in affright, Arch met the soft pleading eyes of Margie Harrison. She spoke to him, not to Sharp.

"Do not let him kill me!"

Sharp laid a rough hand on her shoulder, and put a knife to her throat.

Simultaneously, Arch sprang upon him like a tiger.

"Release that girl!" he hissed. "Dare to touch her with but the tips of your fingers, and by Heaven I will murder you!"

Sharp sprang back with an oath, and at the same moment a pistol shot rang through the house, and Sharp, bathed in blood, fell to the floor. Old Mr. Trevlyn, travel-stained and wet, strode into the room.

"I've killed him!" he said, in a cracked voice of intense satisfaction. "He didn't catch old Trevlyn napping. I knew well enough they'd be after my diamonds, and I gave up the journey. Margie, child, are the jewels safe?"

She had fallen back on the pillows, pale as death, her white night-dress spattered with the blood of the dead robber.

Arch lifted a tiny glove from the carpet, thrust it into his bosom, and before old Trevlyn could raise a hand to stop him, he had got clear of the premises.

Such a relief as he felt when the cool fresh air struck his face. He had been saved from overt criminality. God had not permitted him to thus debase himself. Now that his excitement was gone, he saw the heinousness of the sin he had been about to commit, in all its deformity.

Let old Trevlyn go! Let him gloat over his diamonds while yet he had opportunity. He would not despoil him of his treasures, but he could not give up his scheme of vengeance. It should be brought about some other way.

A large reward was offered by Mr. Trevlyn for the apprehension of Sharp's accomplice, but as no description of his person could be given by any one except Margie, who could not or would not be explicit on that point, he was not secured.

Trevlyn recognized and appreciated her noble generosity in suffering him to go free, for in the one look she had given him on that disgraceful occasion, he had felt that she recognized him. But she pitied him enough to let him go free.

Well, he would show her that her confidence was not misplaced. He would deserve her forbearance. He was resolved upon a new life. He would break up forever all old associations. He would have left New York, but somehow he felt safer in the same city with her. Her influence helped him so much! He wanted to be

near her, though he never saw her face.

He left the saloon, and after many rebuffs, succeeded in getting employment as errand boy in a large importing-house. The salary was a mere pittance, but it kept him in clothes and coarse food, until one day about a year after his apprenticeship there, he chanced to save the life of Mr. Belgrade the senior partner. A gas pipe in the private office of the firm exploded, and the place took fire, and Mr. Belgrade, smothered and helpless, would have perished in the flames, had not Arch, with a bravery few would have expected in a bashful retiring boy, plunged through the smoke and flame, and borne him to a place of safety.

Mr. Belgrade was a man with a conscience, and grateful for his life, he rewarded his preserver by a clerkship of importance. The duties of this office he discharged faithfully for three years, when the death of the head clerk left a vacancy, and when Arch was nineteen, he received the situation.

Through these three years he had been a close student. Far into the night he pored over his books, and too proud to go to school, he hired a teacher, and was taught privately. At twenty he was quite as well educated as nine-tenths of the young men now turned out by our fashionable colleges, and a great deal more sensible. He had the experience of men twice his years, and having known poverty himself, he was ever ready to alleviate its distresses in others.

Rumors of Margie Harrison's triumphs reached him constantly. For Margie was a belle, and a beauty now. Her parents were dead, and she had been left to the guardianship of Mr. Trevlyn, at whose house she made her home, and where she reigned a very queen. Old Trevlyn's heart at last found something beside his diamonds to worship, and Margie had it all her own way.

She came into the store of Belgrade and Company one day, and asked to look at some laces. Trevlyn was the only clerk disengaged, and with a very changeable face he came forward to attend to her. He felt that she would recognize him at once, that she would remember where she had seen him the last time—a house-breaker! She held his reputation in her keeping. She held the power to doom him to a felon's cell!

His hand trembled as he took down the laces—she glanced at his face. A start of surprise, a conscious painful blush swept over her face. He dropped the box, and the rich laces fell over her feet.

"Pardon me," he said, hurriedly, and stooping to pick them up, the little glove he had stolen on that night, and which he wore always in his bosom, fell out, and dropped among the laces.

She picked it up with a little cry.

"The very glove that I lost four years ago! and you are—" she stopped, suddenly.

He paled to the lips, but lifting his head proudly, said:

"Go on. Finish the sentence. I can bear it."

"No, I will not go on. Let the memory die. I knew you then, but you were so young, and had to bear so much among temptations! And the other was a villain. No, I am silent. You are safe."

He stooped, and lifting the border of her shawl, kissed it reverently.

"If I live," he said, solemnly, "you will be glad you have been merciful. Sometime, I shall hear you say so."

She did not purchase any laces. She went out forgetful of her errand, and Arch was so awkward for the remainder of the day, and committed so many blunders, that his fellow-clerks laughed at him unrebuked, and Mr. Belgrave seriously wondered if Trevlyn had not been taking too much champagne.

Margie Harrison and her guardian sat at breakfast. The dining-room was a spacious apartment, furnished in oak and green, and overlooking the terraces and the flower-garden. Mr. Trevlyn showed his years very plainly. He was nearly seventy-five—he looked eighty. Since Margie came to live with him, he had grown younger, but his snow-white hair and bent frame spoke of a weight which was not all time and its infirmities.

Margie looked very lovely this morning, and it was of this the old man was thinking, as he glanced at her across the table. She had more than fulfilled the promise of her childhood. The golden hair was chestnut now, and pushed behind her ears in heavy rippling masses of light and shadow. Her eyes had taken a deeper tone—they were like wells whose depth you could not guess at. Her features were delicately ir-

regular, the forehead low, broad and white; her chin was dimpled as an infant's, and her mouth still ripe and red as a damask rosebud. She wore a pink muslin wrapper, tied with white ribbons, and in her hair drooped a cluster of apple-blossoms.

"Margie dear," said Mr. Trevlyn, pausing in his work of buttering a muffin, "I want you to look your prettiest to-night. I am going to bring home a friend of mine. One who was, also, your father's friend. Mr. Linmere. He arrived from Europe to-day."

Margie's cheek lost a trifle of its peachy bloom. She toyed with her spoon, but did not reply to his remark.

"Did you understand me, child? Mr. Linmere has returned."

"Yes sir."

"And is coming here to-night. Remember to take extra pains with yourself, Margie, for he has seen all the European beauties, and I do not want my little American flower to be cast in the shade. Will you remember it?"

"Certainly, if you wish it, Mr. Trevlyn."

"Margie!"

"Sir!"

"You are aware that Mr. Linmere is your affianced husband, are you not?"

"I have been told so."

"And yet in the face of that fact— Well, of all things! girls do beat me! Thank Heaven! I have none of my own!" he added, testily.

"Girls are better let alone, sir. It is very hard to feel one's self bound to fulfil a contract of this kind."

"Hard! well now, I should think it easy. Mr. Linmere is all that any reasonable woman could wish. Not too old, nor yet too young; about forty-five, which is just the age for a man to marry; good-looking, intelligent and wealthy—what more could you ask?"

"You forget that I do not love him. That he does not love me."

"Love! tush! Don't let me hear anything about that. I loathe the name! Margie, love ruined my only son! For love he disobeyed me, and I disowned him. I have not spoken his name for years! Your father approved of Mr. Linmere, and while you were yet a child, you were betrothed. And when your father died, what did you promise him on his deathbed?"

Margie grew white as the ribbons at her throat.

"I promised him that I would *try* and fulfil his requirements."

"That you would *try*. Yes. And that was equal to giving an unqualified assent. You know the conditions of the will, I believe?"

"*I do.* If I marry without your consent under the age of twenty-one, I forfeit my patrimony. And I am nineteen now. And I shall not marry without your consent."

"Margie, you must marry Mr. Linmere. Do not hope to do differently. It is your duty. He has lived single all these years waiting for you. He will be kind to you, and you will be happy. Prepare to receive him with becoming respect."

Mr. Trevlyn considered his duty performed, and went out for his customary walk, feeling very much as if he wished the world had been constructed in such a manner as to make the existence of women a superfluity. They had caused him a great deal of trouble.

At dinner Mr. Linmere arrived. Margie met him with cold composure. He scanned her fair face and almost faultless face with the eye of a connoisseur, and congratulated himself on the fortune which was to give him such a bride without the perplexity of a wooing. She was beautiful and attractive, and he had feared she might be ugly, which would have been a dampener on his satisfaction. True, her wealth would have counterbalanced any degree of personal deformity; but Mr. Paul Linmere admired beauty, and liked to have pretty things around him.

To tell the truth, he was sadly in need of money. It was fortunate that his old friend, Mr. Harrison—Margie's dead father—had taken it into his head to plight his daughter's troth to him, while she was yet a child. Mr. Harrison had been an eccentric man, and from the fact that in many points of religious belief he and Mr. Paul Linmere agreed—for both were miserable skeptics—he valued him above all other men, and thought his daughter's happiness would be secured by the union he had planned.

Linmere had been abroad several years, and had led a very reckless dissipated life. Luxurious by nature, lacking in moral rectitude, and having wealth at his command, he indulged himself unrestrained; and when at last he left the gay French capital, and returned to America, his whole

fortune, with the exception of a few thousands, was dissipated. So he needed a rich wife sorely—and was not disposed to defer his happiness.

He met Margie with *empressement*, and bowed his tall head to kiss the white hand she extended to him. She drew it away coldly—something about the man made her shrink from him—something about him reminded her of a serpent.

"I am so happy to meet you again, Margie, and after ten years of separation! I have thought so much and so often of you!"

"Thank you, Mr. Linmere."

"Will you not call me Paul?" he asked, in a subdued voice, letting his dangerous eyes full of light and softness, rest on her.

An expression of haughty surprise swept her face. She drew back a pace.

"I am not accustomed to address gentlemen—mere acquaintances—by their Christian names, sir."

"But in this case, Margie? Surely the relations existing between us will admit of such a familiarity."

"There are no relations existing between us at present, Mr. Linmere," she answered, haughtily; "and if, in obedience to the wishes of the dead, we should ever become connected in name, I beg leave to assure you in the beginning that you will always be Mr. Linmere to me."

A flush of anger mounted to his cheek, he set his teeth, but outwardly he was calm and subdued. Anger, just at present, was not his *forte*.

"I hope to win your love, Margie. I trust I shall," he answered, sadly enough to have aroused almost any woman's pity; but some subtle instinct told Margie he was false to the core.

But all through the evening he was affable, and complaisant, and forbearing. She made no attempt to conceal her dislike of him. Concealments were not familiar to Margie's nature. She was frank and open as the day.

Mr. Linmere's fascinations were many and varied. He had a great deal of adaptation, and made himself agreeable to every one. He had travelled extensively, was a close observer, and had a retentive memory. Mr. Trevlyn was charmed with him. So was Alexandrine Lee, a friend of Margie's, a rival belle, who accidentally (?) dropped in to spend the evening.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Augusta, Clara

Ballou's Monthly Magazine (1866-1893); Aug 1875; 42, 2; American Periodicals

pg. 115

THE FATAL GLOVE:

—OR,—

THE HISTORY OF A STREET-SWEEPER.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

PART II.—[CONTINUED.]

Towards the end of March, Alexandrine Lee came to pass a few days with Margie. Some singular change had been at work on the girl. She had lost her wonted gayety of spirits, and was for the most part subdued, almost sad. Her beautiful eyes seldom lighted with a smile, and her sweet voice was rarely heard in sprightly conversation or brilliant repartee. Her friends marvelled at the change; but Alexandrine was not a person one could question too closely. She had a way of drawing back within herself, when she chose, that deterred the most impudent of her acquaintances from pushing their investigations too far.

She came, from a day spent out, one evening, into Margie's dressing-room. Miss Harrison was preparing for the opera. There was a new prima donna, and Archer was anxious for her to hear the wonder. Margie had never looked lovelier. Her pink silk dress, with the corsage falling away from the shoulders, and the sleeves leaving the round arms bare, was peculiarly becoming, and the pearl necklace and bracelets—Archer's gift—were no whiter and purer than the throat and wrists they encircled.

Alexandrine stood a moment in the door, looking at the lovely picture presented by her young hostess. A pain, vague and unacknowledged, wrung her heart, and showed itself on her countenance. But she came forward with expressions of admiration.

"You are perfect, Margie—absolutely perfect! Poor gentlemen! how I pity them to-night! How their wretched hearts will ache!"

Margie laughed.

"Nonsense, Alex, don't be absurd! Go and dress yourself. I am going to the

opera, and you must also accompany us."

"Us—who may that plural pronoun embody?"

"Myself—and—Mr. Trevlyn."

"Ah! thank you. Mr. Trevlyn may not care for an addition to his nice little arrangement for a *tete-a-tete*."

"Don't be vexed, Alexandrine. We thought you would pass the evening at your friend's; and Archer only came in to tell me a few hours ago."

"Of course I am not vexed, dear." And the girl kissed Margie's glowing cheek. "Lovers will be lovers the world over. Silly things, always, and never interesting company for other people. How long before Mr. Trevlyn is coming for you?"

Margie consulted her watch.

"At eight. It is now seven. In an hour."

"In an hour! An hour's time! Long enough often to change the destiny of empires!"

"How strangely you talk, Alexandrine! What spirit possesses you?" asked Margie, filled, in spite of herself, with a curious premonition of evil.

Alexandrine sat down by the side of her friend, and looked searchingly into her face, her great black eyes holding Margie with a sort of serpent-like fascination. For her life, she could not have stirred or looked away, though she longed to scream aloud and break the terrible spell.

"Margaret, you love this Archer Trevlyn very dearly, do you not?"

Margie blushed crimson, but she answered, proudly:

"Why need I be ashamed to confess it? I do. I love him with my whole soul."

"And you do not think there is in you any possibility of a change?"

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by THOMAS & TALBOT, Boston, Mass., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.]

"A change! What do you mean? Explain yourself."

"You do not think the time will ever come when you will cease to love Mr. Archer Trevlyn?"

"It will never come!" Margie replied, indignantly; "never, while I have my reason!"

"Do you believe in love's immortality?"

"I believe that all true love is changeless as eternity! I am not a child, Alexandrine, to be blown about by every passing breeze."

"No, you are a woman now, with a woman's capability of suffering. You ought also to be possessed of a woman's resolution, of a woman's strength to endure sorrow and affliction."

"I have never had any great affliction, Alexandrine. The death of Mr. Linmere was horrible to me, but it was not as if I had loved him; and though I loved Mr. Trevlyn, my guardian, he died so peacefully, I cannot wish him back. And my dear parents—I was so young then, and they were so willing to go! No, I do not think I have ever had any great sorrow, such as blast people's whole lifetimes."

"But you think you will always continue to love Archer Trevlyn?"

"How strangely you harp on that string! What do you mean? There is something behind all this; I see it in your face. You frighten me."

"Margie, all people are blind sometimes, but more especially women when they love. Would it be a mercy to open the eyes of one who, in happy ignorance, was walking over a precipice which the flowers hid from her view?"

Margie shuddered, and the beautiful color fled from her cheek.

"I do not comprehend you. Why do you keep me in suspense?"

"Because I dread to break the charm. You will hate me for it always, Margie. We never love those who tell us disagreeable truths, even though it be for our good."

"I do not know what you will tell me, Alexandrine, but I do not think I shall hate you for it."

"Not if I tell you evil of Archer Trevlyn?"

"I will not listen to it!" she cried, indignantly.

"I expected as much. Well, Margie,

you shall not. I will hold my peace; but if ever, in the years to come, the terrible secret should be revealed to you—the secret which would then destroy your happiness for all time—remember that I would have saved you, and you refused to listen!"

She drew her shawl around her shoulders, and rose to go. Margie caught her arm.

"What is it? You shall tell me! Suspense is worse than certainty."

"And if I tell you, you will be silent? silent as the grave itself?"

"Yes, if you wish it."

"Will you swear it?"

"I cannot; but I will keep it just as sacredly."

"I want not only your promise, but your oath. You would never break an oath. And this which I am about to tell you, if known to the world, involves Archer Trevlyn's life! and you refuse to take an oath."

"His life! Yes, I will swear. I would do anything to make his life safer."

"Very well. You understand me fully? You are never to reveal anything I may tell you to-night, unless I give you leave. You swear it?"

"I swear it."

"Listen, then. You remember the night Mr. Linmere was murdered?"

Margie grew pale as death, and clasped her hands convulsively.

"Yes, I remember it."

"You desired us, after we had finished dressing you, to leave you alone. We did so, and you locked the door behind us, stepped from the window, and went to the grave of your parents."

"I did."

"You remained there some little time, and when you turned away, you stopped to look back, and in doing so you laid your hand—this one,"—she touched Margie's slender left hand, on which shone Archer Trevlyn's betrothal ring—"on the gate post. Do you remember it?"

"Yes, I remember it."

"And while it rested there—while your eyes were turned away, that hand was touched—by something soft, and warm, and sentient—too warm, too passionate, to be the kiss of a disembodied soul. Living, human lips, that scorched into your flesh, and thrilled you as nothing else ever had the power to thrill you!"

Margie trembled convulsively, her color came and went, and she clasped and unclasped her hands with nervous agitation.

"Am I not speaking the truth?"

"Yes, yes—go on. I am listening."

"Was there, in all the world, at that time, more than one person whose kiss had the power to thrill you as that kiss thrilled you? Answer me, Margie Harrison!"

"I will not! You have no right to ask me!" she replied, passionately.

"It is useless to attempt disguise, Margie. I can read your very thoughts. At the moment you felt that touch, you knew instinctively who was near you. You felt and acknowledged the presence of one who had no right to be kissing the hand of another man's promised wife! And yet the forbidden sin of that person was sweet to you! You stooped and pressed your lips where his had been! Whose?"

"I do not know—indeed I do not! Why do you torture me so, Alexandrine?"

"My poor child! I will say no more. Good-night, Margie. I trust you will have a pleasant evening with Mr. Trevlyn."

Margie caught the flowing skirt of Miss Lee's dress.

"You shall tell me all! I must know. I have heard too much to be kept in ignorance of the remainder."

"So be it. You shall hear all. You know that Archer Trevlyn was in the graveyard, or near it, that night, though you might not see him. Yet you were sure of his presence—"

"I was not! I tell you I was not!" she cried, fiercely. "I saw no one; not a person!"

"Then, if you were not sure of his presence, you loved some other; else why did you put your lips where those of a stranger had been? In that case, you were doubly false."

Margie's cheeks were crimson with shame. She covered her face with her hands and was silent.

"How many can you love at once, Margie Harrison?"

"Alexandrine, you are cruel! cruel! Is it not enough for you to tell me the truth, without torturing me thus?"

A flash of conscious triumph crossed the cold face of Miss Lee, and then she was calm as before.

"No, I am not cruel—only truthful. You cannot deny that you knew Archer Trev-

lyn was near you. You will not deny it. Margie, I know what love is—I know something of its keen subtle instincts. I should recognize the vicinity of the man I loved, though all around me were black as midnight."

"Well, what then?" asked Margie, defiantly.

"Wait and see. I followed you out that night, with no definite purpose in my mind. Perhaps it was curiosity to see what a romantic woman, about to be married to a man she did not love, would do. I stood outside the hedge of arbor vitæ while you were inside. I saw the tall shadowy figure which bent its head upon your hand, and I saw you when you put your mouth where his had been. When you went away, I did not go. Something kept me behind. A moment afterward, I heard voices inside the hedge—just one exclamation from each person—I could swear to that! and then—O heaven!"

"What then?"

"A blow! a dull terrible thud, a smothered groan, a fall—and I stood there powerless to move—stricken dumb and motionless! And while I stood transfixed, some person rushed past me, breathless, panting, reckless of everything save escape! Margie, it was so dark that I could not be positive, but I am morally certain that the person I saw was Archer Trevlyn!"

"My God!" Margie cowered down to the floor, and hid her face in the folds of Alexandrine's dress.

"Hear me through," Miss Lee went on, relentlessly, her face growing colder and harder with every word. "Hear me through, and then decide for yourself. Let no opinion of mine bias your judgment. I stood there a moment longer, and then, when suspended volition came back to me, I fled from the place. Margie, words cannot express to you my distress, my bitter burning anguish! It was like to madness. But sooner than have divulged my suspicions, I would have killed myself! For I loved Archer Trevlyn with a depth and fervor of which your cool nature has no conception. I love him still, though I feel convinced, from the bottom of my soul, that he is a murderer!"

Her cheeks grew brilliant as red roses, her eyes sparkled like stars. Margie looked into the bewilderingly beautiful face with suspended breath. The woman's passion-

ate presence scorched her; she could not be herself, with those eyes of fire blazing down into hers.

Alexandrine resumed:

"I am wasting time. Let me hurry on to the end, or your lover will be here before I finish."

"My lover!" cried Margie, in a dazed sort of way—"my lover? O yes, I remember Archer Trevlyn was coming. Is it nearly time for him?"

Alexandrine took the shrinking, cowering girl by the shoulders, and lifted her into a seat.

"Rouse yourself, Margie. I have not done. I want you to hear it all."

"Yes, I am hearing."

It was pitiful to see how helpless and weak the poor child had become. All sense of joy or sorrow seemed to have died out of her. She was simply *enduring*. The great affliction had come, and this was how she bore it.

"I feared so much that when the body of the murdered man should be discovered there would be some clue which would point to the guilty party! Such a night as I passed, while they searched for the body! I thought I should go mad!" She hid her face in her hands, and her figure shook like a leaf in the autumn wind.

"When the dog took us to the graveyard, I thought I would be first inside—I would see if there was anything left on the ground to point to the real murderer. You remember that I picked up something, do you not?"

"I do. Your glove, was it not?"

"Yes. It was my glove! I defy the whole world to take it from me. I would die before such a proof should be brought against the man I love!" she cried, wildly. "See here!"

She drew from her bosom a kid glove, stained and stiff with blood.

"Margie, have you ever seen it before? Look here. It has been marked; sewed with blue silk! Do you remember anything about it?"

"Yes; I saw you mend it at Cape May," she answered, the words forced from her, apparently, without her own volition.

"You are right. He had torn it while rowing me out one morning. I saw the rent, and offered to repair it. He makes his gloves wear well, doesn't he?"

"O don't! don't! how can you? Alex-

andrine, wake me, in mercy's sake! This is some horrible dream!"

"I would to heaven it were! It would be happier for us all. But if you feel any doubt about the identity of the glove, look here." She turned back the wrist, and there on the inside, written in the bold characters which were a peculiarity of Arch Trevlyn's handwriting, was the name in full—*Archer Trevlyn*.

Margie shrunk back and covered her eyes, as if to shut out the terrible proof. Alexandrine returned the glove to her bosom, and continued:

"The handkerchief found near Mr. Linmere was marked with the single letter A. Whose name begins with that letter?"

"Stop, I implore you. I shall lose my reason! I am blinded—I cannot see. O, if I could only die, and leave it all!"

"You will not die. I bore it, and still live; and it is so much harder for me, because I have to bear it all alone! You have your religion to help you, Margie. Surely that will bear you up! I have heard all your pious people prate enough of its service in time of trouble to remember that consolation."

"Don't, Alexandrine! It is sinful to scorn God's holy religion. Yes, you are right; it will help me. God himself will help me, if I ask him. He knows how much I stand in need of it."

"I am glad you are so likely to be supported," returned the girl, half earnestly, half contemptuously. "Are you satisfied in regard to Mr. Archer Trevlyn?"

"I will not credit it!" cried Margie, passionately. "He did not do that dreadful deed! He could not be good, and noble, and pitiful of all suffering humanity! And besides, what motive could he have?"

"The motive was all-powerful. Has not Mr. Trevlyn, by his own confession, loved you from his youth up?"

"Yes."

"And Paul Linmere was about to become your husband. Could there be a more potent reason for Archer Trevlyn to desire Mr. Linmere's death? He was an obstacle which could be removed in no other way than by death, because you had promised your father to marry him, and you could not falsify your word. All men are weak, and liable to sin; is Trevlyn any exception? Margie, I have told you frankly what I know. You can credit it or not. I

PART III.

THE long night passed away, as all nights, however long and dark they may be, will pass away.

Margie had not slept. She paced her chamber until long after midnight, utterly disregarding Alexandrine, who had knocked repeatedly at her door; and at last, overcome by weariness, she had sunk down in a chair by the open window, and sat there, gazing blankly out into the night with its purple heavens, and its glory of sparkling stars.

It seemed as if all the light of the world had been suddenly quenched. She found herself wondering if the sun would ever rise again—if the birds would ever sing, or the flowers glow with gold, and crimson, and azure.

Leo came and crept up against her shoulder, resting his soft head against her cheek, and uttering the low whine that told her how he knew she suffered, and lamented it.

"My poor faithful dog!" she cried, pressing him convulsively to her—"my poor Leo!"

Leo nestled closer, and licked her hand.

"All I have left to love!" she exclaimed, pitifully; "Leo, you will never deceive me—never prove false to me, will you, Leo?"

He looked into her face with his sagacious wistful eyes, telling her as plainly as words could have done, how true he would always be to her; how entirely she might trust him.

Do not think that because Margie was made wretched by the dreadful revelation of Miss Lee, that she lacked faith in her lover. Do not think that she failed in trusting him. Nothing could have tempted her to have credited such a story of him, had it not been for the overwhelming evidence of her own senses. Ever since the night of Paul Linmere's assassination, she had at times been tortured with agonizing doubts. From the first she had been morally sure whose lips had touched her hand that night in the graveyard; she knew that no other presence than that of Archer Trevlyn had the power to influence her as she had been influenced. She knew that he had been there, though she had not seen him; and knowing that he had been there—for what purpose had he been there? It was a question she had asked herself a thousand times! A question she could never answer, and which she had put out

leave it with you; decide as you think best. It is eight o'clock. I will go now, for it is time for your lover to come for you."

"O I cannot, cannot meet him—not to-night! I must have time to think, time to collect my thoughts. My head whirls so, and everything is so dark! Stay, Alexandrine, and excuse me to him. Say I have a headache—anything to quiet him. I cannot see him now! I should go mad! Let me have a night to think of it."

Alexandrine put her hand on the soft hair of the bowed head.

"My poor Margie! it is hard for you. Hark! there is the bell. He has come. Will you not go down?"

"No, no, no! Do what you judge best, and leave me to myself and my God!"

Alexandrine went out, and Margie, locking the door after her, flung herself down on the carpet, and buried her face in the pillows of the sofa.

Miss Lee swept down the staircase, her dark bright face resplendent, her bearing haughty as that of an empress. Arch was in the parlor. He looked up eagerly as the door opened, but his countenance fell when he saw that it was only Miss Lee. She greeted him cordially.

"Good-evening, Mr. Trevlyn. I am deputized to receive you, and my good intentions must be accepted in place of more fervent demonstrations."

"I am happy to see you, Miss Lee. Where is Margie?"

"She is in her room, somewhat indisposed. She begged me to ask you to excuse her, as she is unable to come down, and of course cannot have the pleasure of going with you to the opera."

"Sick! Margie sick!" he exclaimed, anxiously. "What can be the matter? She was well enough three hours ago."

"O, do not be uneasy. It is nothing serious. A headache, I think. She will be well after a night's rest. Cannot I prevail on you to sit down?"

"I think not to-night, thank you. I will call to-morrow. Give Margie my best love, and tell her how sorry I am she is ill."

Alexandrine promised, and Mr. Trevlyn bowed himself out. She put her hand to her forehead, which seemed almost bursting with the strange weight there.

"Guilty or not guilty," she muttered, "what does it matter? I love him, and that is enough!"

of her thoughts with a shudder always. Now she was forced to look the matter bravely in the face. The time had come when she *must* decide for herself. The happiness of her whole life—her peace of mind for time and eternity—were at stake.

There could be no doubt any longer. She was forced to that conclusion at last; her heart sinking like lead in her bosom as she came to acknowledge it. In a moment of terrible temptation, Arch Trevlyn had stained his hands with blood! And for her sake!

She felt sick and faint; she tried to reach the bellrope, but she was powerless to move. A paralysis of heart and brain had fallen upon her. The window was open, and the cold wind chilled her through and through, but she could not close the sash. By-and-by the weather changed—the sky was clouded, the rain fell and beat against her. The moisture acted as a restorative. She rose feebly and pulled down the sash.

There was a violent warfare in her heart. Her love for Arch Trevlyn had not sprung up in a day; its growth had been slow, and it had taken deep root. O, how hard it was to give up the blissful dream! She thought of his early life—how it had been full of temptation—how his noble nature had been warped and perverted by the evil influences that had surrounded him, and for a while the temptation was strong upon her soul to forgive him everything—to ignore all the past, and take him into her life as though the fearful story she had just listened to had been untold. Marry a murderer!

"Good God!" she cried in horror, as the whole extent of the truth burst upon her; "O my God, pity and aid me!"

She sank down on her knees, and though her lips uttered no sound, her heart prayed as only hearts can pray when wrung with mortal suffering. She saw her duty clearly. Archer Trevlyn must be given up; from that there could be no appeal. Henceforth he must be to her as though he had never been. She must put him entirely out of her life—out of her thoughts—out of her sleeping and waking dreams. She should manage to live some way; life was very short, and people dragged it out very often when all hope and joy, and every impulse of happiness, were dead and buried.

But she could give him no explanation of her change of mind. She had passed her

word—nay, she had sworn never to reveal aught that Miss Lee had told her, and a promise was binding. But he would not need any explanation. His own guilty conscience would tell him why he was renounced.

She took off the rose-colored dress in which she had arrayed herself to meet him, and folded it away in a drawer of her wardrobe, together with every other adornment she had worn that night. They would always be to her painful reminders of that terrible season of anguish and despair. When all were in, she shut them away from her sight, turned the key upon them, and flung it far out of the window. There she would leave them to moulder and decay; she never would look upon them again.

Then she opened her writing-desk, and took out all the little notes he had ever written to her, read them all over, and holding them one by one to the blaze of the lamp, watched them with a sort of stony calmness until they shrivelled and fell in ashes; black as her hopes, to the floor. Then his gifts; a few simple things. These she did not look at; she put them hastily into a box, sealed them up, and wrote his address on the cover.

The last task was the hardest. She must write him a note, telling him that all was over between them. The gray light of a clouded morning found her making the effort. But for a long time her pen refused to move; her hand seemed powerless. She felt weak and helpless as a very infant. But it was done at last, and she read it over, wondering that she was alive to read it:

"MR. ARCHER TREVLYN, SIR:—Yesterday afternoon, when I last saw you, I did not think that before twenty-four hours had elapsed I should be under the necessity of inditing to you this letter. Henceforth, you and I must be as strangers. Not all the wealth and influence of the universe could tempt me to become your wife, now that my eyes are opened. I renounce you utterly and entirely, and no word or argument of yours can change me. Therefore, do not attempt to see me, for with my own consent I will never look upon your face again. I deem no explanation necessary; your own conscience will tell you why I have been forced to make this decision. I return to you with this note everything that can serve to remind me of you, and ask you

to do me the favor to burn all that you may have in your possession which once was mine. Farewell, now and forever,

"MARGARET HARRISON."

There remained still something more to be done.

Margie knew that Archer Trevlyn would seek her out, and demand an explanation from her own lips, and this must never be. She could not see him now; she was not certain that she could ever see him again. She dared not risk the influence his personal presence might have upon her. She must leave New York. But where should she go? She had scarcely asked the question before thought answered her.

Far away in the northern part of New Hampshire, resided old Nellie Day, the woman who had nursed her, and whom she had not seen for twelve years. Nellie was a very quiet discreet person, and had been very warmly attached to the Harrison family. She had married late in life a worthy farmer, and giving up her situation in New York, had gone with him to the little out-of-the-way village of Lightfield. Margie had kept up a sort of a desultory correspondence with her, and in every letter that the old lady wrote she had urged Margie to visit her in her country home. It had never been convenient to do so, but now this place was suggested to her at once, and to Lightfield she decided to go.

She consulted her watch. It was five o'clock; the train for the North, the first express, left at half past six. There would be time. She would leave all her business affairs in the hands of Mr. Farley, her legal adviser and general manager; and as to the house, the maiden aunt who resided with her could keep up the establishment until her return, if she ever did return.

She went about her preparations with the strong calmness of despair. Her hands did not tremble; she felt only tired and dull. There was no pain or grief in her dry eyes, and no moan of sorrow escaped her white lips. She packed a few of her plainest dresses, and some other indispensables in a trunk, arrayed herself in a dark travelling suit, and rang for Florine. The girl looked at her in silent amazement. Margie steadied her voice, and spoke carelessly enough.

"Florine, I have been obliged to leave home very suddenly. My preparations are

all complete. I thought I would not wake you, as I had so little to do. Tell Peter to have the carriage at the door at six precisely, and bring up Leo's breakfast, and a cup of hot coffee for me."

"You will surely take some breakfast yourself," began Florine.

"No, I shall not need any, it is so early. And when I am hungry I can get some refreshments on the route."

"But, mistress dear—"

"Obey me, Florine. I know what is best. And do not disturb the household on account of me. You can be depended upon?"

"Yes'm."

The girl returned soon, bringing some food for Leo, and a tray of coffee, sandwiches, cold chicken and cake.

"Do eat something," she said, anxiously; "indeed you must. I shall not see a bit of comfort all day for thinking of it, if you do not."

Margie forced herself to swallow a little of the chicken, and a piece of the cake, and at six o'clock—having written a note to Mr. Farley, and one to her aunt, giving no explanations, but merely saying she had been called away—she put on her bonnet, entered the carriage, and was driven to the depot. And before nine-tenths of New York had thought of leaving their beds, she was being whirled rapidly northward, her only companion Leo, who, watchful and alert, lay curled up on the seat beside her.

Arch Trevlyn had not slept that night. Some sense of impending evil, some demon of uneasiness oppressed him strangely. There was no rest for him. He tossed about until daybreak, then he rose, dressed himself, and went out. Everything was still on the streets except the clatter of the milk carts, and the early drays and huckster wagons. The air was damp and dense, and struck a deadly chill to the very marrow of this unseasonable wanderer. He walked a few squares, and then returned to his hotel, more oppressed than when he went out.

Did ever time move so slowly before? Would the morning never pass? He wrote some urgent letters, read the damp morning paper, without the slightest notion of its contents, and went down to his breakfast, to come away again leaving it untasted. Eight o'clock! The earliest possible hour

at which it would be proper to call on Miss Harrison was eleven. Three mortal hours first! How should he ever endure it? She might be very ill. She might even be dying! Arch, with the foolish inconsistency of love, magnified every evil until he was nearly beside himself with dread, lest she might be worse than Miss Lee had represented.

Nine o'clock struck; he was walking the floor in a state of nervous excitement which would have forced him ere long to have broken all rules of etiquette and taken his way to Harrison house, had not fate saved him the necessity.

A waiter entered, and brought in a letter and a package. He snatched them both, and saw they were directed in Margie's handwriting. For a moment his heart stood still with a deadly fear. Great drops of perspiration covered his forehead, and he dropped letter and package to the floor. Why was she writing to him when she must expect to see him in a few hours? And that package? what did it contain?

He picked it up, and tore off the wrappings. The betrothal ring rolled out and fell with a hollow sound on the floor. The ring he had put upon her finger—the ring he had seen her kiss more than once! He looked over the contents of the box hurriedly; every little thing he had ever given her was there, even to a bunch of faded violets! He lifted them from the paper in which they were folded—remembering so vividly when he had gathered them—how she had smiled and blushed when he gave them to her. Perhaps because he had put the violets in her hand and his lips to her soft cheek, all at the same time. And she had worn a white dress, with pale blue ribbons, and a cluster of the bells in her hair. And it was near sunset, and they had stood together on the banks of the Hudson, and they had been speaking of flowers. Margie had wished for spring violets, and he had given her these, obtained that day from a hothouse, where the tropical atmosphere had deceived the little blue-eyed things into thinking the chilly autumn-time was blossoming May.

But the letter? He had almost forgotten it, in pondering over the dread significance of this return of his presents. He took it up, and broke the seal with slow deliberation. It would not tell him any news, but it might contain an explanation.

His face grew pale as ashes as he read, and he put his hand to his heart, as though he had received a blow there. Twice he read it through, and at the last reading he seemed to realize its dread portent.

"She gives me up! Margie renounces me! Strangers we must be henceforth! What does it all mean? Am I indeed awake, or is this only a painful dream?"

He read a few lines of the missive a third time. Something of the old dominant spirit of Archer Trevlyn came back to him.

"There is some misunderstanding. Margie has been told some dire falsehood!" he exclaimed, starting up; "I will know everything! She shall explain fully!"

He seized his hat, and hurried to her residence. The family were at breakfast, the servant said, who opened the door. He asked to see Miss Harrison.

"Miss Harrison left this morning, sir, in the early express," said the man, eyeing Trevlyn with curious interest.

"Went in the early train! Can you tell me where she has gone?"

"I cannot. Perhaps her aunt, Miss Farnsworth, or Miss Lee can do so."

"Very well"—he made a desperate effort to seem calm, for the servant's observant eye warned him that he was not acting himself. "Will you please ask Miss Lee to favor me with a few minutes of her time?"

Miss Lee came into the parlor where Archer waited, a little afterward. Arch, himself, was not more changed than she was. Her countenance was pale even to ghastliness, with the exception of a bright red spot on either cheek, and her eyes shone with such an unnatural light that even Archer, absorbed as he was in his own troubles, noticed it. She welcomed him quietly, in a somewhat constrained voice, and relapsed into silence. Archer plunged at once upon what he came to ascertain.

"The servant tells me that Miss Harrison left New York this morning. I am very anxious to communicate with her. Can you tell me whither she has gone?"

"I cannot. She left before any of the family were up, and though she left notes for both her aunt and her business agent, Mr. Farley, she did not in either of them mention her destination."

"And did she not speak to you about it?"

"She did not. I spent a part of last evening with her, just before you came, but she

said nothing to me of her intention. She was not quite well, and desired me to ask you to excuse her from going to the opera."

"And you did not see her this morning?"

"No. I have not seen her since I left her room to come down to you last night. When I returned from my interview with you, I tapped at her door—in fact, I tapped at it several times during the evening, for I feared she might be worse—but I got no reply, and supposed she had retired. No one saw her this morning except Florine her maid, and Peter the coachman, who drove her to the depot."

"And she went entirely alone?"

"She did from the house. Peter took her in the carriage."

"From the house! But after that?" he asked, eagerly.

"Mr. Trevlyn," she said, coldly, "excuse me."

"I must know!" he cried, passionately, grasping her arm; "tell me, did she set out upon this mysterious journey alone?"

"I must decline to answer you."

"But I will not accept any denial! Miss Lee, you know what Margie was to me! There has arisen a fearful misunderstanding between us! I must have it explained. Why will you trifling with me? You must tell me what you know!"

"I do not wish to arouse suspicions, Mr. Trevlyn, which may have no foundation to rest on. Only for your peace of mind do I withhold any information I may possess on the subject."

"It is a cruel kindness. Tell me everything at once, I beg of you!"

"Then if it distresses you, do not blame me. Peter saw Mr. Louis Castrani at the depot, and is confident he went in the same train, in the same car, with Miss Harrison."

"Castrani! Great Heaven!" he staggered into a chair, "is it possible? Margie, my Margie, that I thought so good, and pure, and truthful—false to me! It cannot, cannot be! I will not believe it!"

"I do not ask you to," said Alexandrine, proudly. "I insinuated nothing. I only replied to your question."

"Pardon me, Miss Lee. I am not quite myself this morning. I will go now. I thank you for what you have told me, and trust it will all be explained."

"I trust so," answered Miss Lee, turning to leave the room.

"Stay a moment! To what depot did Peter drive her?"

"The Northern, I think he said."

"Again I thank you, and good-morning."

He hurried away, got into the first coach he came across, and was driven to the Northern depot. Once there, he felt the necessity of restraining himself, for his haste and his distracted air had already attracted the attention of several persons.

He was somewhat acquainted with the ticket agent, and assuming as nonchalant an air as was possible in his present disturbed state, he strolled into the office. After a little indifferent conversation, he said:

"By the way, Harris, do you know Mr. Castrani, the young Cuban who has turned the heads of so many of our fair belles? Some one was telling me that he left town this morning."

"Castrani? Yes, I think I do. He did leave for the North this morning, in the early express. I marked his baggage for him. He had been hurried so in his preparations, he said, that he had no time for it."

"Indeed! It's a bore to be hurried. Where was he checked to?"

"Well, really, the name of the place has escaped me. Some little town in New Hampshire or Maine, I think. We do so much of this business that my memory is treacherous about such things."

"Were you speaking of Castrani?" asked Tom Clifford, a friend of Archer's, removing his cigar from his mouth. "Deuced fine fellow! Wish I had some of his spare shillings. Though he's generous as a prince! Met him this morning, just as he was coming down the steps of the Astor. Had to get up early to see after that confounded store of mine! Walker's too lazy to open it mornings. Deuced lazy, Walker is and I pay him a thousand a year, too."

"You met Mr. Castrani?" said Archer, referring to the point.

"Yes. He told me he was going away. Woman somewhere mixed up in the case. Said he expected to find one somewhere—well, hanged if I can tell where! There's always a woman at the bottom of everything."

"He did not mention who this one was?"

"Not he. But I must be going. It's nearly lunch time. Good-morning to ye."

Trevlyn stopped a few moments with Mr. Harris, and then went back to his room.

He was satisfied. Hard as it was for him to believe it, he had no other alternative. Margie was false, and she had gone away from him under the protection of Castrani. He could have forgiven her anything but that. If she had ceased to love him, and transferred her affections, he could still have wished her all happiness, if she had only been free and frank with him. But to profess love for him all the while she was planning to elope with another man, was too much! His heart hardened toward her.

If there had been, in reality, as he had at first supposed, any misunderstanding between him and her, and she had gone alone, he would have followed her to the ends of the earth, and have had everything made clear. But as it was now, he would not pursue her an inch. Let her go! False and perfidious! why should her flight ever trouble him?

But though he tried to believe her worthy of all scorn and contempt, his heart was still very tender of her. He kissed the sweet face of the picture he had worn so long in his bosom, before he locked it away from his sight, and dropped some tears, that were no disonor to his manhood, over the half dozen elegant little trifles she had given him, before he committed them to the flames.

That over, what was he to do? How very bleak life seemed to him. He had not felt so utterly desolate and weary since the morning after his mother's burial. Then he had had Matty to cheer him—now, he had no one.

There was a nine days' wonder over Miss Harrison's sudden exodus. But her aunt was a discreet woman, and it was generally understood that Margie had taken advantage of the pause in the fashionable season to visit some distant relatives, and if ever any one coupled her flight and the departure of Castrani together, it was not made the subject of remark. Alexandrine kept what she knew to herself, and of course Archer Trevlyn did not proclaim his own desertion.

For a week, nearly, he managed to keep about, and at the end of that time he called at Mrs. Lee's. He wanted to question Alexandrine a little further. The idea possessed him that in some way she might be

cognizant of Margie's destination. And though he had given the girl up, he longed desperately to know if she were happy. He had felt strangely giddy all day, and the heat of Mrs. Lee's parlors operated unfavorably upon him. He was sitting on a sofa, conversing with that lady and her daughter, when suddenly he put his hand to his forehead, and sank back pale and speechless.

In the wildest alarm, they called a physician, who bled him, put him to bed, and enjoined the severest quiet. Mr. Trevlyn, he said, had received a severe shock to his nervous system, and there was imminent danger of congestive fever of the brain.

His fears were verified. Archer did not rally, and on the second day he was raving in delirium. Then the womanly nature of Alexandrine Lee came out and asserted itself. She banished all attendants from the sick room, and took sole charge herself of the sufferer. Not even her mother would she allow to take her place. When tempted by intense weariness to resign her post, she would take *that stained glove* from her bosom, and the sight of it would banish all thought of admitting a stranger.

"No," she said to herself, "people in delirium speak of their most cherished secrets, and he shall not criminate himself. If he did that terrible deed, only I of all the world can bring a shadow of suspicion against him, and the secret shall never be revealed to any other."

So she sat the long days and longer nights away, by the side of this man she loved so hopelessly, bathing his fevered brow, holding his parched hands, and lingering fondly over the flushed unconscious face.

He sank lower and lower day by day; so very low that the physician said he could do no more. He must leave the case. There was nothing for it but to wait with patience the workings of nature.

Arch had never had a sickness before, and the fever ran mad riot in his veins. He was never lucid, but he was not violent. He talked for the most part of Grigg Court—of his mother—of Grandma Rugg, and a great deal of Mat. He fought imaginary battles for her over and over again, and divided his pennies and red apples with her every day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Augusta, Clara

Ballou's Monthly Magazine (1866-1893); Jul 1875; 42, 1; American Periodicals

pg. 16

THE FATAL GLOVE:
—OR,—
THE HISTORY OF A STREET-SWEEPER.
IN FOUR PARTS.
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

PART II.—[CONTINUED.]

The village clock struck half-past eight, warning Margie that it was almost time for the ceremony to take place. She started up, drew her cloak around her, and turned to leave the place. As she did so she felt a touch on her hand—the hand she held for a moment on the gate—as she stood giving a last sad look at the mound of earth she was leaving, a touch light and soft as a breath, but which thrilled her through every nerve.

She turned her head quickly, but saw nothing. Something like the sound of a receding footstep met her ear, nothing more, but she was convinced that there had been a human presence near her. Where? Her heart beat strangely; her blood, a moment before so chilled and stagnant, leaped through her veins like fire. From whence arose the change? Good Heaven! she thought, what is to become of me, if a touch arouses me like this, and I am about to become that man's wife?

She reached her chamber without meeting any one, and unlocking the door, rang for her attendants. The house was in strange confusion. Groups were gathered in the corridors, whispering together, and some unexplained trouble seemed to have fallen upon the whole place.

After a while Alexandrine came in, haggard and pale. Margie saw that her white dress was damp, and her hair uncurled, as if by the weather.

"Where have you been, Alexandrine?" she asked; "and what is the matter?"

The girl changed from white to crimson.

"I have been in my room," she replied:

"But your clothes are damp, and your hair uncurled—"

"The air is wet, and this great house is

as moist as an iceshed," returned the girl, hurriedly. "It is no wonder if my hair is uncurled. Margie, the—the—Mr. Linmere has not arrived!"

"Not arrived! It must be nine o'clock."

As she spoke the sonorous sounds of the clock proclaiming the hour vibrated through the house.

"We have been distracted about him for more than two hours! he should surely have been here by half-past six. Mr. Trevlyn has sent messengers to the depot, to make inquiries, and the office-keeper thinks Mr. Linmere arrived in the six o'clock train, but is not quite positive. Mr. Weldon went himself to meet the seven-thirty train, thinking perhaps he might have got detained, and would come on in the succeeding train, but he did not arrive. And there are no more trains tonight! O Margie, isn't it dreadful?"

Alexandrine's manner was strangely flurried and ill at ease, and the hand she laid on Margie's was cold as ice. Margie scrutinized her closely, wondering the while at her own heartless apathy. Something had occurred to stir the composure of this usually cool self-possessed woman fearfully. But what it was Margie could not guess.

Mr. Trevlyn burst into the room, pale and exhausted.

"It is no use!" he said, throwing himself into a chair, "no use to try to disguise the truth! There will be no wedding tonight, Margie. The bridegroom has failed to come. The scoundrel! If I were ten years younger I would call him out for this insult!"

Margie laid her hand on his arm, a strange new feeling of vague relief pervading her. It was as if some great weight,

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1889, by THOMAS & CALBOT, Boston, Mass., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.]

under which her slender strength had wearied and sank, were rolled off from her. She feared to analyze the feeling, for she knew not what the future might disclose. She wished the present night might continue on and on, and the day never come with its sun, to shed light on every secret thing.

"Compose yourself, dear guardian; he may have been unavoidably detained. Some business—"

"Business on his wedding-day! No, Margie! there is something wrong somewhere. He is either playing us false, confound him! or he has met with some accident. By George! who knows but he has been waylaid and murdered? The road from here to the depot, though short, is a lonely one, with woods on either side! And Mr. Linmere carries always about his person enough valuables to tempt a desperate character."

"I beg you not to suppose such a dreadful thing!" exclaimed Margie, shuddering; "he will come in the morning, and—"

"But Hayes was positive that he saw him leave the six o'clock train. He described him accurately, even to saying that he had a bouquet of white camellias in his hand. Margie, what flowers was he to bring?"

She shook her head.

"Mrs. Weldon knows. I do not."

Alexandrine spoke:

"White camellias. I heard Mrs. Weldon ask him to fetch them."

Mr. Trevlyn started up.

"I will have out the entire household at once and search the whole estate! For I feel as if some terrible crime may have been done upon our very threshold. Margie dear, take heart, he *may* be alive and well!"

He went out to alarm the already excited guests, and in half an hour the place was alive with lanterns, carried by those who sought for the missing bridegroom.

Pale and silent, the women gathered themselves together in the chamber of the bride, and waited. Margie sat among them in her white robes, mute and motionless as a statue.

"It must be terrible to fall by the hand of an assassin!" said Mrs. Weldon, with a shudder. "Good heavens! what a dreadful thing it would be if Mr. Linmere has been murdered!"

"An assassin! My God!" cried Margie, a terrible thought stealing across her mind. Who had touched her in the cypress grove? What hand had woken in her a thrill that changed her from ice to fire? What if it were the hand of her betrothed husband's murderer?

Alexandrine started forward at Margie's exclamation. Her cheek was white as marble, her breath came quick and struggling.

"Margie! Margie Harrison?" she cried, "what do you mean?"

"Nothing," answered Margie, recovering herself, and relapsing into her usual self-composure.

They searched all that night, and found nothing. Absolutely nothing. With the early train both Mr. Trevlyn and Mr. Weldon went to the city. They hurried to Mr. Linmere's rooms, only to have their worst fears confirmed. Pietro informed them that his master had left there on the six o'clock train; he had seen him to the depot, and into the car, receiving some order from him relative to his rooms, after he had taken his seat.

There could be no longer any doubt but that there had been foul play somewhere. The proper authorities were notified, and the search began afresh. Harrison Park and its environs were thoroughly ransacked; the river was searched, the pond at the foot of the garden drained, but nothing was discovered. There was no clue by which the fate of the missing man could be guessed at, ever so vaguely.

Every person about the place was examined and cross-examined, but no one knew anything, and the night shut down, and left the matter in mystery. Pietro at length suggested Leo, Mr. Linmere's greyhound.

"Him no love his master," said the Italian, "but him scent keen. It will do no hurt to try him."

Accordingly, the next morning Pietro brought the dog up to the Park. The animal was sullen, and would accept of attentions from no one save Margie, to whom he seemed to take at first sight. And after she had spoken to him kindly, and patted his head, he refused all persuasions and commands to leave her.

Mr. Darby the detective, whose services had been engaged in the affair, exerted all his powers of entreaty on the dog, but the

animal clung to Margie, and would not even look in the direction of the almost frantic detective.

"It's no use, Miss Harrison," said Darby; "the cussed cur wont stir an inch. You will have to come with him! Sorry to ask ye, but this thing must be seen into."

"Very well, I will accompany you," said Margie, rising; and throwing on a shawl, she went out with them, followed by Mrs. Weldon, Alexandrine, and two or three other ladies.

Leo kept close to Margie, trotting along beside her, uttering every now and then a low whine indicative of anticipation and pleasure.

Darby produced a handkerchief which had belonged to Mr. Paul Lummere, and which he had found at his rooms, lying on his dressing-table. He showed this to the dog; Leo snuffed at it, and gave a sharp grunt of displeasure.

"We want you to find him, Leo, good dog," said the Italian, stroking the silky ears of the dog; "find your master."

Leo understood, but he looked around in evident perplexity.

"Take him to the depot!" said Mr. Trevlyn; "he may find the trail there."

They went down to the station; the dog sniffed hurriedly at the platform, and in a moment more dashed off into the highway leading to Harrison Park.

"Him got him!" cried Pietro; "him find my master!"

The whole company joined in following the dog. He went straight ahead, his nose to the ground, his fleet limbs bearing him along with a rapidity that the anxious followers found it hard to emulate.

At a brook which crossed the road he stopped, seemed a little confused, crossed it finally on stepping-stones, paused a moment by the side of a bare nut tree, leaped the fence, and dashed off through a grass field. Keeping steadily on, he made for the grounds of the Park, passed the drained pond and the frost-ruined garden, and pausing before the enclosure where slept the Harrison dead, he lifted his head and gave utterance to a howl so wild, so savagely unearthly, that it chilled the blood in the veins of those who heard. An instant he paused, and then dashing through the hedge, was lost to view.

"He is found! My master is found!"

said Pietro, solemnly, removing his cap, and wiping a tear from his eye. For the man was attached to Mr. Paul Lummere, in his rough way, and the tear was one of genuine sorrow.

His companions looked at each other. Alexandrine grasped the arm of Margie, and leaned heavily upon her.

"Let us go to the house—" she faltered. "I cannot bear it."

"I will know the worst," said Margie, hoarsely; and they went on together.

It was so singular, but no one had thought to look within the graveyard enclosure; perhaps if they had thought of it, they judged it impossible that a murderer should select such a locality for the commission of his crime.

Mr. Darby opened the gate, entered the yard, and stopped. So did the others. All saw at once that the search was ended. Across the path leading to the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, lay Paul Lummere. He was white and ghastly; his forehead bare, and his sightless eyes wide open, looking up to the sun of noonday. His right hand lay upon his breast, his left still tightly grasped the turf upon which it had fixed its hold in the cruel death-agony. His garments were stiff with his own blood, and the dirk-knife, still buried to the hilt in his heart, told the story of his death.

Leo crouched a little way off, his eyes jubilant, his tail beating the ground, evincing the greatest satisfaction. All present knew that the dog rejoiced at the death of his master.

Alexandrine took a step toward the dead man, her back to the horror-stricken group by the gate. She stopped suddenly, and lifted something from the ground. Darby, alert and watchful, was by her side in a moment.

"What have you there?" he demanded.

"My glove which I dropped," she answered, quietly, holding up the dainty bit of embroidered kid.

The detective turned away satisfied; but Margie saw the girl's hand shake, and her lips grow pale as marble the moment Darby's keen eye was removed from her face. Well, it was no wonder if she did tremble, the sight before her was well calculated to affect a person of any feeling.

The discovery of the remains was followed by a long and tedious investigation.

There was an inquest, and a rigid examination of every person who could by any possibility be imagined capable of throwing any light on the murder, and after all was over the mystery was just as dark as at first.

Nothing was found to furnish the slightest clue to the assassin, except a white cambric handkerchief, just inside the graveyard; marked with the single initial "A" in one corner. This handkerchief might have belonged to the murderer, and it might have belonged to Mr. Linmere; that could not be determined. The article was given into the keeping of Mr. Darby; and after three days lying in state at Harrison Park, the body of Mr. Linmere was taken to Albany, where his relatives were buried, and laid away for its last sleep.

The community were highly indignant. People always want to fix the blame for every evil occurrence on some one, and for once they were foiled. No suspicion rested upon any person. Mr. Trevlyn offered a large reward for the apprehension of the murderer, or for information that would lead to his apprehension; and the town authorities offered an equal sum. Mr. Darby was retained to work upon the case, and there it rested.

Margie uttered no word in the matter. She was stunned by the suddenness of the blow, and she could not help being painfully conscious that she felt relieved by the death of this unfortunate man. God had taken her case into his hands in a manner too solemnly fearful for her to question.

Three months after the death of Paul Linmere Margie met Archer Trevlyn at the house of Alexandrine Lee. He was quite a constant visitor there, Mrs. Lee told her, with a little conscious pride, for young Trevlyn was being spoken of in business circles as a rising young man. He was to be admitted to partnership in the firm of Belgrade & Co. in the spring. And this once effected, his fortune was made. Society was ready to forget his low origin, if he was in prospect of being a rich man, for society is generally very gracious to those who purchase her favors with grains of gold.

There was a little whist party at Mrs. Lee's that evening, and Margie was persuaded to remain. After a while the company asked for music. Whist, the books

of engravings, and the bijoux of the centre-table were exhausted, and small-talk flagged. Margie was reluctantly prevailed on to play.

She was not a wonderful performer, but she had a fine ear, and played with finish and accuracy. But she sang divinely. To oblige her friends she sang a few new things, and then pausing, was about to rise from the instrument, when Mr. Trevlyn came to her side.

"Will you play something for me?" he asked, stooping over her. His dark passionate eyes brought the blood to her face—made her restless and nervous in spite of herself.

"What would you like?" she managed to ask.

"This!" He selected an old German ballad, long ago a favorite in the highest musical circles, but now cast aside for something newer and more brilliant. A simple touching little song of love and sorrow.

She was about to decline singing it, but something told her to beware of false modesty, and she sang it through.

"I thank you!" he said, earnestly, when she had finished. "It has done me good. My mother used to sing that song, and I have never wanted to hear it from any other lips—until now."

Alexandrine glided along, radiant as a humming-bird, her cheeks flushed, her black eyes sparkling, her voice sweet as a siren's.

"Sentimentalizing, I declare!" she exclaimed, gayly; "and singing that dreadful song, too! Ugh! it gives me the cold shudders to listen to it. How can you sing it, Margie dear?"

"Miss Harrison sang it at my request, Miss Lee," said Trevlyn, gravely; "it is an old favorite of mine. Shall I not listen to you now?"

Alexandrine took the seat Margie had vacated, and glanced up at the two faces so near her.

"Why, Margie!" she said, "a moment ago I thought you were a rose, and now you are a lily! What is the matter?"

"Nothing, thank you," returned Margie, coldly. "I am weary, and will go home soon, I think."

Trevlyn looked at her with tender anxiety, evidently forgetful that he had requested Miss Lee to play.

"You are wearied," he said. "Shall I call your carriage?"

"If you please, yes. Miss Lee I am sure will excuse me."

"I shall be obliged to, I suppose."

Trevlyn put Margie's shawl around her, and led her to the carriage. After he assisted her in he touched lightly the hand he had just released, and said "Good-night," his very accent a blessing.

In February Mr. Trevlyn received a severe shock. His aged wife had been an inmate of an insane asylum almost ever since the death of her son Hubert; and Mr. Trevlyn, though he had loved her with his whole soul, had never seen her face in all those weary years.

Suddenly, without any premonitory symptoms, her reason returned to her, and save that she was unmindful of the time that had elapsed during her insanity, she was the same Caroline Trevlyn of old.

They told her cautiously of her husband's old age, for the unfortunate woman could not realize that nearly twenty years had passed since the loss of her mind. The first desire she expressed was to see "John," and Mr. Trevlyn was sent for.

He came, and went into the presence of the wife from whom he had been so long divided, alone. No one knew what passed between them. The interview was a lengthy one, and Mr. Trevlyn came forth from it animated by a newborn hope. The wife of his youth was to be restored to him!

He made arrangements to take her home, but alas! they were never destined to be carried into effect. The secret fears of the physician were realized even sooner than he had expected. The approach of dissolution had dissolved the clouds so long hanging over the mind of Caroline Trevlyn. She lived only two days after the coming of her husband, and died in his arms, happy in the belief that she was going to her son.

Mr. Trevlyn returned home a changed being. All his asperity of temper was gone; he was as gentle as a child. Whole days he would sit in the chair where his wife used to sit in the happy days of her young wifehood, speaking to no one, smiling sometimes to himself, as though he heard some inner whisperings which pleased him.

One day he roused himself, seemingly, and sent for Mr. Speedwell, his attorney, and Dr. Drake, his family physician. With these gentlemen he was closeted the entire forenoon; and from that time forward his hold on the world and its things seemed to relax. He took little interest in anything transpiring around him; he did not even read the daily paper, or care to hear it read to him, and for years he had not failed to devour its columns daily.

One morning, when Margie went to take his gruel up to him—a duty she always performed herself—she found him sitting in his armchair, wide awake, but incapable of speech or motion.

The physician, hastily summoned, confirmed her worst fears. Mr. Trevlyn had been smitten with paralysis. He was in no immediate danger, perhaps; he might live for years, but was liable to drop away at any moment. It was simply a question of time. It was vain to think of or hope for a cure. All that could be done was to recommend quiet, and stimulating food, and embrocations.

Toward the close of the second day after his attack, the power of speech returned to Mr. Trevlyn. Margie had prayed so earnestly that it might, that she was not surprised to this answer to her prayers.

"Margie!" he said, feebly, "Margie, come here."

She flew to his side.

"I want you to send for Archer Trevlyn," he said, with great difficulty.

She made a gesture of surprise.

"You think I am not quite right in my mind, Margie, that I should make that request. But I was never more sane than at this moment. My mind never was clearer, my mental sight never more correct. I want to see my grandson."

Margie despatched a servant with a brief note to Archer, informing him of his grandfather's desire, and then sat down to wait his coming.

It was a wild stormy night in March; the boisterous wind beat against the old mansion, and, like a suffering human thing, down the wide old-fashioned chimneys shrieked.

Leo had been howling at intervals all day, but he now came and crept into Margie's lap, his great sagacious eyes fixed upon her face with a look as if he understood her sorrow, and pitied it. Mr. Trev-

lyn dozed. The fire burned low in the grate, and threw grotesque figures of the furniture on the ceiling.

In a lull of the storm there was a tap at the chamber door. Margie opened it, and stood face to face with Archer Trevlyn.

"Come in," she whispered; "he is asleep."

"No, I am not asleep," said the sick man; "has my grandson come?"

"He is here," said Margie. "I will leave him with you, dear guardian. Let him ring for me when you want me."

"Remain here, Margaret. I want you to be a witness to what passes between us. I have no secrets from you, dear child, none whatever. Archer, come hither."

Trevlyn advanced, his face pale, his eyes moist with tears. For, having forgiven his grandparent, he had been growing to feel for the desolate old man a sort of filial tenderness, and strong in his fresh young manhood, it seemed terrible to him to see John Trevlyn lying there in his helplessness and feebleness, waiting for death.

"Come hither, Archer," said the tremulous voice, "and put your hand on mine. I cannot lift a finger to you, but I want to feel once more the touch of kindred flesh and blood. I have annoyed you and yours sadly, my poor boy, but death sweeps away all enmities and all shadows. I see so clearly now. O, if I had only seen before!"

Arch knelt by the side of the bed, holding the old man's withered hands in his. Margie stood a little apart, regarding the pair with moist eyes.

"Call me grandfather once, my son; I have never heard the name from the lips of my kindred."

"Grandfather! O grandfather!" cried the young man, "now that you will let me call you so, you must not die! You must live for me."

"The decree has gone forth. There is from it no appeal. I am to die. I have felt the certainty a long time. O, for one year of existence, to right the wrongs I have done! But they could not be righted. Alas! if I had centuries of time at my command I could not bring back to life the dear son my cruelty hurried out of the world, or his poor wife, whose fair name I could, in my revenge for her love of my son, have taken from her! O Hubert! Hubert! O my darling! dearer to me than

my heart's blood—but so foully wronged!"

His frame shook with emotion, but no tears came to his eyes. His remorse was too deep and bitter for the surface sorrow of tears to relieve.

"Put it out of your mind, grandfather," said Arch, pressing his hand. "Do not think of it, to let it trouble you more. They are all, I trust, in heaven. Let them rest."

"And you tell me this, Archer? You who hated me so! You who swore a solemn oath to be revenged on me! Well, I do not blame you. I only wonder that your forbearance was so long-suffering. Once you would have rejoiced to see me suffer as I do now."

"I should; I say it to my shame. God forgive me for my wickedness! But for her"—looking at Margie—"I might have kept the sinful vow I made. She saved me."

"Come here, Margie, and kiss me," said the old man, tenderly. "My dear children! my precious children, both of ye! I bless you both—both of you together, do you hear? Once I cursed you, Archer—now I bless you! If there is a God, and I do at last believe there is, he will forgive me that curse; for I have begged it of him on my bended knees."

"He is merciful, dear guardian," said Margie, gently. "He never refuses the earnest petition of the suffering soul."

"Archer, your grandmother died a little while ago. My cruelty to your father made her for twenty long years a maniac. But before her death all delusion was swept away, and she bade me love and forgive our grandson—that she might tell your father and mother, when she met them in heaven, that at last all was well here below. I promised her, and since then my soul has been at peace. But I have longed to go to her—longed inexplicably. She has been all around me, but so impalpable that when I put out my hands to touch her, they grasped only the air. The hands of mortality may not reach after the hands which have put on immortality."

He lay quiet a moment, then went on, brokenly:

"Archer, I wronged your parents bitterly, but I have repented it in dust and ashes. Repented it long ago, only I was too proud and stubborn to acknowledge it. Forgive me again, Archer, and kiss me before I die."

"I do forgive you, grandfather; I do forgive you with my whole heart." He stooped, and left a kiss on the withered forehead.

"Margie," said the feeble voice, "pray for me, that peace may come."

She looked at Archer, hesitated a moment, then knelt by the bedside. He stood silent, and then, urged by some uncontrollable impulse, he knelt by her side. Knelt in prayer! something he had not done since a little boy, he knelt at his mother's knee.

The girlish voice, broken, but sweet as music, went up to Heaven in a petition so fervent, so simple, that God heard and answered. The peace she asked for the dying man came.

Her pleading ceased. Mr. Trevlyn lay quiet, his countenance serene and hopeful. His lips moved; they bent over him, and caught the name of "Caroline."

Trevlyn's hand sought Margie's, and she did not repulse him. They stood together silently, looking at the white face on the pillows.

"He is dead!" Archer said, softly. "God rest him!"

After the funeral of John Trevlyn, his last will and testament was read. It created a great deal of surprise when it was known that all the vast possessions of the old man were bequeathed to his grandson—his sole relative—whom he had despised and denied almost to the day of his death. In fact, not a half-dozen persons in the city were aware of the fact that there existed any tie of relationship between John Trevlyn the miser, and Archer Trevlyn the head clerk of Belgrade & Co.

Of course, Mr. Archer Trevlyn at once became a person of consequence. Young ladies flattered him, and declared his history was just like a romance. Calculating papas and mammas gave him dinners, and obliging brothers dropped into his rooms frequently, to talk over the opera, and smoke a cigar. Men who had turned the cold shoulder to the struggling little street-sweeper, men who had flung a penny to him with an oath for troubling them, were now ready to fawn upon the wealthy Mr. Archer Trevlyn, and beg for favors at his hands.

Arch's good fortune did not change him a particle. He gave less time to business, it is true, but he spent it in hard study.

His early education had been defective, and he was doing his best to remedy the lack.

Early in the autumn following the death of his grandfather, he went to Europe, and after the lapse of a year, returned again to New York. The second day after his arrival, he went out to Harrison Park. Margie had passed the summer there, with an old friend of her mother for company, he was told, and would not come back to the city before December. During the twelve months of his absence, Archer had not heard from her, and he did not know what change might have come over her. But when he thought of her, it was always as the Margie of his boyhood's dream. Time, he said, could never bring much change to a spirit like hers.

It was a cold stormy night in September when he knocked at the door of Miss Harrison's residence; but a cheery light shone from the window, and streamed out of the door which the servant held open.

He inquired for Miss Harrison, and was shown at once into her presence. She sat in a low chair, her dress of sombre black relieved by a white ribbon at the throat, and by the chestnut light of the shining hair that swept in unbound luxuriance over her shoulders. She rose to meet her guest, scarcely recognizing Archer Trevlyn in the bronzed bearded man before her.

"Miss Harrison," he said, gently, "it is a cold night; will you not give a warm welcome to an old friend?"

She knew his voice instantly. A bright color leaped to her cheek, an embarrassment which made her a thousand times dearer and more charming to Arch Trevlyn, possessed her. But she held out her hands, and said a few shy words of welcome.

Arch sat down beside her, and the conversation drifted into recollections of their own individual history. They spoke to each other with the freedom of very old friends, forgetful of the fact that this was almost the very first conversation they had ever had together.

After a while, Arch said, "Miss Harrison, do you remember when you first saw me?"

She looked at him a moment, and hesitated before she answered.

"I may be mistaken, Mr. Trevlyn. If so excuse me; but I think I saw you first, years and years ago, in a flower store."

"You are correct; and on that occasion your generous kindness made me very happy. I thought it would make my mother happy also. I ran all the way home, lest the roses might wilt before she saw them." He stopped, and gazed into the fire.

"Was she pleased with them?"

"She was dead. We put them in her coffin. They were buried with her."

Margie laid her hand lightly on his.

"I am so sorry for you! I, too, have buried my mother!"

After a little silence, Arch went on:

"The next time you saw me was when you gave me these." He took out his pocket-book, and displayed to her, folded in white paper, a cluster of faded bluebells. "Do you remember them?"

"I think I do. You were knocked down by the pole of the carriage?"

"Yes. And the next time? Do you remember the next time?"

"I do."

"I thought so. I want to thank you, now, for your generous forbearance. I want to tell you how your keeping my secret made a different being of me. If you had betrayed me to justice, I might have been now an inmate of a prison cell. Margie Trevlyn, your silence saved me! Do me the justice to credit my assertion, when I tell you that I did not enter my grandfather's house because I cared for the plunder I should obtain. I had taken a vow to be revenged on him for his cruelty to my parents, and Sharp, the man who was with me, represented to me that there was no surer way of accomplishing my purpose than by taking away the treasures that he prized. For that only I became a housebreaker. I deserved punishment. I do not seek to palliate my guilt; but I thank you again for saving me!"

"I could not do any otherwise than remain silent. When I would have spoken your name, something kept me from doing it. I think I remembered always the pitiful face of the little street-sweeper, and I could not bear to bring him any more suffering."

"Since those days, Miss Harrison, I have met you frequently—always by accident—but to-night it is no accident. I came here on purpose. For what, do you think?"

"I do not know—how should I?"

"I have come here to tell you what I

longed to tell you years ago! what was no less true then than it is now; what was true of me when I was a street-sweeper, what has been true of me ever since, and what will be true of me through time and eternity."

He had drawn very near to her—his arm stole around her waist, and he sat looking down into her face with his soul in his eyes.

"Margie, I love you! I have loved you since the first moment I saw you. There has never been a shade of wavering; I have been true to you through all. My first love will be my last. Your influence has kept me from the lower depths of sin; the thought of you has been my salvation from ruin! Margie, my darling! I love you! I love you!"

"And yet you kept silent all these years! O Archer!"

"I could not do differently. You were as far above me as the evening star is above the earth it shines upon! It would have been base presumption in the poor saloon waiter, or the dry goods' clerk, to have aspired to the hand of one like you. And although I loved you so, I should never have spoken, had not fate raised me to the possession of a fortune equal to your own, and given me the means of offering you a home worthy of you. But I am waiting for my answer. Give it to me, Margie."

Her shy eyes met his, and he read his answer in their clear depths. But he was too exacting to be satisfied thus.

"Do you love me, Margie? I want to hear the words from your lips. Speak, darling. They are for my ear alone, and you need not blush to utter them."

"I do love you, Archer. I believe I have loved you ever since the first."

"And you will be mine? All my own?"

She gave him her hands. He drew the head, with its soft bright hair to his breast, and kissed the sweet lips again and again, almost failing to realize the blessed reality of his happiness.

It was late that night before Arch Trevlyn left his betrothed bride, and took his way to the village hotel. But he was too happy, too full of sweet content, to heed the lapse of time. At last, the longing of his life was satisfied. He had heard her say that she loved him.

And Margie sat and listened to the sound of his receding footsteps, and then went up

to her chamber to pass the night, wakeful, too content to be willing to lose the time in sleep; and so the dawn of morning found her with open eyes.

The ensuing winter was a very gay one. Margaret Harrison returned to New York under the chaperonage of her friend, Mrs. Weldon, and mingled more freely in society than she had done since the season she "came out." She took pleasure in it, now; for Archer Trevlyn was welcomed everywhere. He was a favored guest in the most aristocratic homes, and people peculiarly exclusive were happy to receive him into their most select gatherings. Verily the time must have passed when knowledge is placed before all other acquirements, and gold has been elected king. For Archer Trevlyn the millionaire was no more deserving than Archer Trevlyn the dry goods clerk had been.

His engagement with Margie was made public, and the young people were overwhelmed with the usual compliment of politely-expressed hopes and fashionable congratulations. These dear disinterested people were looking forward to the time when Margie would be mistress of the elegant brown stone mansion going up on Fifth Avenue, and be giving entertainments to which it would be like a patent of respectability to receive an invitation.

The gentlemen said Miss Harrison had always been beautiful, but this season she was more than that. Hope is a rare beautifier. It painted Margie's cheeks and lips

with purest rose color, and gave a light to her eyes, and a softness to her sweet voice.

Of course she did not mingle in society—even though her engagement was well known—without being surrounded by admirers. They fairly took her away from Arch, sometimes; but he tried to be patient. Before the apple trees in the green country valleys were rosy with blossoms, she was to be all his own. He could afford to be generous.

Among the train of her admirers was a young Cuban gentleman, Louis Castrani, a man of fascinating presence and great personal beauty. He had been unfortunate in his first love. She had died a few days before they were to have been married—died by the hand of violence, and Castrani had shot the rival who murdered her. Public opinion had favored the avenger, and he had not suffered for the act; but ever since he had been a prey to melancholy. He told Margie his history, and it aroused her pity; but when he asked her love, she refused him, gently, telling him that her heart was another's. He had suffered deeply from her disappointment, but he did not give up her society, as most men would have done. He still hovered around her, content if she gave him a smile, or a kind word, seeming to find his best happiness in anticipating her every wish before it was uttered. Indeed, he was more like a faithful than a rejected lover, and Margie, though she was annoyed by his attentions, pitied him too sincerely to be rude.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Augusta, Clara

Ballou's Monthly Magazine (1866-1893); Sep 1875; 42, 3; American Periodicals

pg. 214

THE FATAL GLOVE:

—OR,—

THE HISTORY OF A STREET-SWEEPER.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

PART III.—[CONTINUED.]

At last the day came when the ravings of delirium subsided, and a deadly stupor supervened. It was the crisis of the disease. The sundown would decide, Doctor Grayson said; he would be better, or death would ensue.

Alexandrine heard his opinion in stony silence. The endurance of this woman had been something almost sublime from first to last. From whatever motives she had acted, in this she had done her part nobly. She sat by the bed's head now calm and silent; her powers of self-control were infinite. Her mother came in to watch for the change, as did several of Archer's friends, heretofore excluded. She was not afraid for them to come now; there was no danger of Mr. Trevlyn's criminating himself now. He had not spoken or moved for twelve hours.

The sun crept down the west. The ticking of the watch on the stand was all that broke the silence of the room. The last sunray departed—the west flamed with gold and crimson, and the amber light flushed with the hue of health the white face on the pillow. Alexandrine thought she saw a change other than that the sunset light brought, and bent over him.

His eyes unclosed—he looked away from her to the vase of early spring flowers on the centre-table. His lips moved—she caught the whispered word with a fierce pang at her heart:

"Margie!"

The physician stepped forward, and sought the fluttering pulse. His face told his decision before his lips did.

"The crisis is passed. He will live."

Yes, he would live. The suspense was over. Alexandrine's labors were shared now, and Archer did not know how devot-

edly he had been tended—how he owed his very existence to her.

He mended slowly, but by the middle of May he was able to go out. Of course he was very grateful to the Lees, and their house was almost the only one where he visited. Alexandrine was fitful and moody. Sometimes she received him with the greatest warmth, and then she would be cold and distant. She puzzled Archer strangely. He wanted to be friends with her. He felt that he owed her an immense debt of gratitude, and he desired to treat her as he would a dear sister. He had no heart to give her, else his gratitude might have prompted him to have offered that to her by way of recompense for her trouble.

Every day she changed. Her complexion, always pure, became like wax; her eyes were so brilliant at times as to be absolutely dazzling, and her cheeks burned with a vivid crimson at the slightest excitement. She fascinated and repelled Archer Trevlyn. There were times when he dreaded her as one would the plague-stricken. And again she drew him toward her in spite of all his resolutions that he would not be influenced by her weird beauty.

Over and over again he said to himself that he had put Margaret Harrison out of his life forever, and yet every night when he lay down in the quiet of his chamber, he felt in his heart of hearts that he worshipped her still. Worshipped her! Probably the wife of another! No tidings of her had ever come back to her home, and Castrani had not been heard from. Their course was enveloped in mystery.

Perhaps it was because time hung so heavily on his hands, that Trevlyn went so frequently to Mrs. Lee's. Certainly he did not go to visit Alexandrine. We all know

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by THOMAS & TALBOT, Boston, Mass., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.]

how the habit of visiting certain places grows upon us, without any particular reason, until we feel the necessity of going through with the regular routine every day. He was to blame for following up this acquaintance so closely; but he did it without any wrong intention. He never thought it possible that any one should dream of his being in love with Alexandrine. He, himself, knew that it was impossible, and why should not every one else?

But the world talked. They said it was a very pretty romance; Mr. Trevlyn had been deserted by his lady-love—had fallen ill on account of it, and been nursed by one whom of course he would marry. Indeed, they thought him in duty bound to do so. In what other way could he manifest his gratitude?

Vague whispers of this reached Trevlyn's ear, but he gave them, at first, little heed. He should never marry, he said; it was sinful to wed without love. But as he saw Alexandrine's paling face and strangely distraught manner day by day, he came to feel as if he had in some way wronged her, though how he did not exactly understand.

One day he entered the sitting-room of Mrs. Lee, with the freedom of a privileged visitor, without rapping, and found Alexandrine in tears. He would have retreated, but she had already seen him, and he felt that it would be better to remain. He spoke to her kindly:

"I trust nothing has occurred to distress you?"

She looked up at him almost defiantly.

"Leave me!" she said, impetuously; "you of all others have no right to question me!"

"Pardon me!" he exclaimed, alarmed by her strange emotion, "and why not I question you?"

"Because you have caused me misery enough already—"

She stopped suddenly, and rising, was about to leave the room. He took her hand, and closed the door she had opened, leading her to a seat.

"My dear Miss Lee, I do not comprehend you. Explain. If I have ever injured you in any way, it has been the very thing furthest removed from my intentions. Will you not give me a chance to defend myself?"

She blushed painfully; her embarrass-

ment disturbed him, for he was generous to all, and he really felt very kindly toward her.

"I cannot explain," she said, in a subdued voice. "I am sorry you came just now. But these slanders anger me, as well as wound my feelings."

"What slanders, Miss Lee?"

Her color grew deeper. Animated by some sudden resolve, she lifted her head proudly.

"I will tell you. Remember that you sought the information. Your coming here has been made the subject of remark, and I have been accused of having schemed to draw you here. You know if it be true."

His face flushed slowly. He recalled the silly stories that had some time before reached his ears. And because of them she had suffered! This woman whose unremitting care had saved his life. How thoughtless and cruel he had been! He was a man of honor; if any woman's reputation had been injured through his means, there was but one course for him to pursue. He must make reparation. And how? For a moment his head whirled, but glancing at the pale distressed face before him, he made his decision.

"Alexandrine," he said, quietly, "you know just what my course has been. You know my lowly origin—you know how life has cheated me of happiness. You know how dear Margie Harrison was to me, and how I lost her. I loved her with my whole soul—she will be the one love of my lifetime. I shall never love another woman as I loved her! But if my name, and the position I can give my wife, will be pleasant to you, then I ask you to accept them, as some slight recompense for what I have made you suffer. If you can be satisfied with the sincere respect and friendship I feel for you, then I offer myself to you. You deserve my heart, but I have none to give to any one. I have buried it so deep that it will never know a resurrection."

She shuddered and grew pale. To one of her passionate nature—loving him as she did—it was but a sorry wooing. His love she could never have. But if she married him, she should be always near him; sometimes he would hold her hands in his and call her, as he did now, Alexandrine. Her apparent struggle with herself pained him. Perhaps he guessed something of its cause. He put his arm around her waist.

"My child," he said, kindly, "do you love me? Cold and indifferent as I have been? Tell me truly, Alexandrine. Truly, dear girl."

She did tell him truly; something within urged her to let him see her heart as it was. For a moment she put aside all her pride.

"I do love you!" she said, "God only knows how dearly."

He looked at her with gentle pitying eyes, but he did not touch the red lips so near his own. He could not be a hypocrite.

"I will be good to you, Alexandrine. God helping me, you shall never have cause for complaint. I will make your life as happy as I can. I will give you all that my life's shipwreck spared. Will that content you? Will you be my wife?"

Still she did not reply.

"Are you afraid to risk it?" he asked, almost sadly.

"No, I am not afraid! I will risk everything!" she answered, and Archer Trevlyn felt as if he had listened to the enunciation of his death-warrant.

Meanwhile, what of Margie Harrison? Through the dull stormy day she had been whirled along like the wind. The train was an express, and made few stoppages. Margie took little note of anything which occurred. She sat in her hard seat like one in a trance, and paid no heed to the lapse of time, until the piteous whining of Leo warned her that night was near, and the poor dog was hungry. At the first stopping-place she purchased some bread and meat for him, but nothing for herself. She could not have swallowed a mouthful.

Still the untiring train dashed onward. Boston was reached at last. She got out, and stood, confused and bewildered, gazing around her. It was night, and the place was strange to her. The cries of the porters and hackmen—the bustle and dire confusion, struck a chill to her heart. The crowd hurried hither and thither, each one intent on his own business, and the lamps gave out a dismal light, dimmed as they were by the hanging clouds of mist and fog. Alone in a great city! For the first time in her life she felt the significance of the words she had so often heard. She had never travelled a half dozen miles, before, by herself, and she felt as helpless as a child.

"Carriage, ma'am?" said a hackman, touching her arm.

"Yes," she said, mechanically, and put her hand in her pocket for her porte-monnaie, with a vague idea that she must pay him before she started.

She uttered a low cry of dismay! her pocket-book was missing! She searched more thoroughly, but it was not to be found. Her pocket had been picked. She turned a piteous face to the hackman.

"My money is lost, sir!" she said, "but if you will take me to a place of shelter, I will remunerate you some way."

"Sorry to be obliged to refuse, ma'am," said the man, civilly enough, "but I'm a poor man, with a family, and can't afford to keep my horses for nothing."

"What is it, driver?" queried a rough voice; and in a moment a crowd had gathered around poor shrinking Margie and growling, indignant Leo.

"The woman's lost her purse—"

"O ho! the old story—eh? Beauty in distress. Should think they'd git tired of playing that game!" said the coarse voice which belonged to a lounging and hanger-on at the depot—just such men as ought to be boarded in a stone house, at the State's expense.

"Looks rather suspicious, ma'am, for ye to be travelling on the train alone," began the hackman; but he was interrupted by the lounger.

"That's the way they all travel. Wall, thank the Lord, I haint so gallant as to git taken in by every decent face I see!"

"Thank Heaven, I am not so lost to all sense of decency as to insult a lady!" said a clear stern voice; and a tall distinguished man swept through the crowd, and reached Margie's side.

"Indeed, I am not mistaken!" he said, looking at her with amazement. "Miss Harrison!"

She saw, as he lifted his hat, the frank handsome face of Louis Castrani. All her troubles were over—this man was as a pillar of strength to her weakness. She caught his arm eagerly, and Leo barked with joy, recognizing a friend.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Castrani!"

His countenance lighted instantly. He pressed the hand on his arm.

"Thank you, my friend. What service can I render you? Where do you wish to go? Let me act for you."

"O, thank you—if you only will! I was going further, but the train I wished to take has been gone some hours, and I must stop here to-night. And on my way, somewhere, my money has been stolen."

"Give yourself no more uneasiness. I am only too happy to be of any use to you."

The crowd dispersed, and Castrani called a carriage, and put Margie and Leo inside.

"Have you any choice of hotels?"

"None. I am entirely unacquainted here. You know best."

"To the —— House," he said to the driver; and thither they were taken.

A warm room and a tempting supper were provided, but Margie could not eat. She only swallowed a little toast, and drank a cup of tea. Castrani came to her parlor just after she had finished, but he did not sit down. He had too much delicacy to intrude himself upon her when accident had thrown them together.

"I was called here on very urgent business," he said; "and shall be obliged to attend to it to-night; but I shall return soon, and will see you in the morning. Meanwhile, feel perfectly at home. I have engaged a chamber-maid to attend to you, and do not be afraid to make your wants known. Good-night, now, and pleasant dreams."

"Pleasant dreams!" Margie repeated the words to herself, as he closed the door behind him. "Ah me! how long will it be before I shall again be blessed with them?"

"She was so weary, that she slept some—slept with Leo hugged tightly to her breast; for she felt a sense of security in having this faithful friend near her. Breakfast was served in her room, and, by-and-by, Castrani came up. He spoke to her cheerfully, though he could not fail to notice that some terrible blow had fallen upon her since last he had seen her, gay and brilliant, at a party in New York. But he forbore to question her. Margie appreciated his delicacy, and something impelled her to confide to him what she had not entrusted to the discretion of any other person. She owed him this confidence, in return for his disinterested kindness.

"Mr. Castrani," she said, quietly enough, outwardly, "circumstances, of which I

cannot speak, have made it necessary for me to leave New York. I do not desire that the place of my destination shall be known to any one. But to show you how much I appreciate your kindness, and how entirely I trust you, I will inform you that I am going to Lightfield, in New Hampshire, to stop an indefinite length of time with my old nurse, Mrs. Day."

Castrani was visibly affected by this proof of her confidence.

"From me, no one shall ever know the place of your refuge," he said, earnestly. "Your train leaves at ten. It is now nine. If you would only permit me to see you safely to the end of your journey!"

She flushed. He read a quiet reproach in her eye.

"Pardon me. I know it may seem like officiousness, but I would try and not be disagreeable to you. I would not even speak to you, if you desired it should be so. But I could travel in the same car with you, and be there to protect you, if you should need me."

"I thank you greatly. But I had rather you went no further. I shall meet with no difficulty, I think. I shall reach Nurse Day's by sunset."

"As you will. I will not press the matter. Your pleasure shall be mine."

A little later, he assisted her from the carriage that had taken her to the depot. Her baggage was checked—he handed her the check, and her ticket, and then pressed into her hand a roll of bank-bills. She put them back quickly, but he declined taking them.

"I do not give it to you—I lend it to you. You shall repay me at your convenience."

"On those conditions, I take it, and thank you, also."

She put out her hand. He took it, resisted the inclination to press his lips to it, and held it tightly in his.

"If you will give me permission—to call upon you—should I be in Lightfield during your stay there—I shall be more than happy!"

She was about to refuse, but the mute pleading of his eyes deterred her. He had been kind to her, and it could do her no harm. Probably, he would never come to Lightfield, so she gave him the permission he asked for.

The day passed without incident, and nightfall found Margie within ten miles of her destination. She was driven along a rough country road, to a square frame-house, looming up white through the dark, and a moment later she was lying, pale and exhausted, in the arms of Nurse Day.

"My blessed child!" cried the old lady; "my precious little Margie! My old eyes will almost grow young again, after having been cheered by the sight of ye!" And she kissed Margie again and again, while Leo expressed his delight in true canine style—by barking vociferously and leaping over the chairs and tables.

Nurse Day was pleasantly situated. Her husband was a grave staid man, who was very kind to Margie always. The farm was a rambling affair, extending over, and embracing in its ample limits, hill and dale, meadow and woodland, and a portion of a bright swift river, on whose bold banks it was Margie's delight to sit through the purple sunsets, and watch the play of light and shade on the bare rocky cliffs opposite.

Nature proved a true friend to the sore heart of the girl. She always does to those who are willing to submit to her ministrations. The breezes, so fresh, and sweet, and clear, soothed Margie inexpressibly. The sunshine was a message of healing; the songs of the birds carried her back to her happy childhood. Wandering through the leafy aisles of the forest, she seemed brought nearer to God and his mercy. Only once had Nurse Day questioned her of the past, and then Margie had said:

"I have done with the past forever, Nurse Day. I wish it never recalled to me. I have met with a great sorrow—one of which I cannot speak. I came here to forget it. Never ask me anything about it. I would confide it to you if I could, but my word is given to another to keep it as silent as the grave. I acted for what I thought best. Heaven knows, if I erred, I did not do it willingly."

"Give it all into God's hands," said Nurse Day, reverently. "He knows just what is best for us."

"Yes, just what is best for us," Margie said, dreamily; "and he does not like us to make idols. My idol turned to clay in my hands."

"All earthly idols do, Margie, child. Only God and his truths are steadfast."

The days went on slowly, but they

brought something of peace to Margie Harrison. The violence of her distress passed away, and now there was only a dull pain at her heart—a pain that must always have its abode there. Sometimes her whole soul was stirred into wildest tumult by the thought which would intrude, that Archer Trevlyn had been wrongfully accused—that, in spite of everything, he was innocent of the crime circumstances accused him with. If she only knew that he was, she would have gone barefoot to the ends of the earth, to have asked his forgiveness for the wrong she had done him. But no—there was no doubt—none! God be merciful to him, and temper his judgments according to the temptation of the erring one!

She held no communication with any person in New York, save her aunt and her business agent, Mr. Farley, and her letters to them were posted in a distant town, in a neighboring State, where Nurse Day had friends—and so Margie's place of refuge was still a secret.

It was August now, and the weather at its hottest. Margie spent a large portion of her time out of doors, with only Leo for a companion. She sat, one lovely afternoon, on the bank of the river, dividing her time between the charming panorama of sunshine and shadow before her, and a book of poems in her lap, when there was a step at her side. She looked up, and saw the face of Louis Castrani.

"Miss Harrison, you will, I trust, excuse me for seeking you here. But my wish to see you was so strong, that, on my way to the White Mountains, I left my party, and turned aside here, to gratify the desire. You know you gave me permission?"

"I did; but I hardly thought you would take advantage of it."

"Perhaps I ought not to have done so. Indeed, I tried hard not to. Are you very angry?"

"No, I am not angry at all. I am glad to see you." She held out her hand. "So is Leo, too—only see him caper."

The dog was leaping upon Mr. Castrani with the liveliest demonstrations of joy. He patted the silky head.

"It is something to be welcomed by a brute, Miss Harrison; their instincts are seldom at fault, I believe. If I were conscious of being a villain, I should be very

careful not to put myself in the vicinity of a dog or horse—I should feel so sure of discovery. Have you been well, Miss Harrison?"

"Very well, thank you. And you? But I need not ask. Your looks answer for you. When did you leave New York?"

"I have been in New York only a fortnight since I last saw you. Business has kept me elsewhere. I came from New York three days ago. What a beautiful spot you have hidden yourself in!"

"I am pleased to hear you say so. Isn't it lovely? But you must tell me about home. How are all my friends?"

"They are well. How mellowly the sunshine falls on the rough crags opposite, and what a picture for a painter to transfer to canvas!"

"Yes, I have wished I were an artist over and over again. But I have no talent in that direction. My friends are all well, you say? What of Miss Lee? Did you see her?"

"Yes. She is well. What are you reading?" lifting the book from the ground where it had fallen.

Margie turned suddenly upon him and regarded him searchingly.

"Why do you evade answering my questions, Mr. Castrani. It is natural that I should want to hear something of the home from which I have been so long away, is it not? Why do you refuse to satisfy my reasonable curiosity on that subject?"

Castrani's handsome face clouded—he looked at her with tender pity in his eyes.

"Miss Harrison, why will you press me further? Your friends are all well."

"I know. But there is something behind that. Tell it to me at once."

"I cannot—indeed, I cannot! You must hear it from some other lips. I would rather die than cause you one single pang of sorrow!"

"You are very kind, Mr. Castrani—you mean generously—but I want to know." Some subtle instinct seemed to tell her what she was to hear, for she added, "Is it of Miss Lee?"

"I told you Miss Lee was well."

"Mr. Castrani, I have given you more of my confidence than I have ever bestowed on any other person, because I respect you above all men, and because I have perfect confidence in your honor. Has this matter, of which you hesitate to tell me, any-

thing to do with—with Mr. Archer Trevlyn?"

Her voice sank to a whisper before the sentence was finished, for she had never spoken his name since that fearful night on which his guilt had been revealed to her.

"I will reply to your question by asking another; and, if it seems impertinent, remember that it is not so intended, and that I do not ask it from any vulgar feeling of curiosity."

"You can ask nothing impertinent, Mr. Castrani," she replied, earnestly.

"Thank you. I do not intend to. Are you betrothed to Archer Trevlyn?"

She grew very pale, but her eyes met his fearlessly.

"I was once. But it is all over now," with a dreary sigh, that was like the breath of the autumn wind through the dead leaves.

"Before you left New York—was it over before that?"

"Yes, before I left New York. It was why I left there. I cannot tell you how it was—I can never tell any human being. The secret must go to the grave with me. But there was a terrible necessity arose which forced us apart."

"Did he—did Arch Trevlyn desert you, Miss Harrison?" asked Castrani, his brow contracting, his dark eyes glowing with indignation.

"No; it was my hand that severed the engagement. Do not blame him for that. It was impossible that it should be fulfilled."

"You, Miss Harrison? You broke the engagement?" he asked, eagerly.

Perhaps she read something of the beautiful hope that sprang up in his heart from the glad light in his eye, and she crushed it at once.

"Yes, I. But not because I had ceased to love him. O no. He was—is—and will be always, the one love of my lifetime. I shall never love another. Now, I have trusted in you—be frank and free with me."

"Well—since you ask it. Mr. Trevlyn and Miss Lee are to be married in September."

"To Miss Lee—married to Miss Lee? Great Heaven! And she is aware of his—What am I saying? What did I say? O Mr. Castrani, excuse me—I am so—so sur-

prised—" She groped blindly for something to cling to, fell forward, and he received her senseless form in his arms.

He held her silently a moment, his face wearing a look of unutterable love and sadness; then he put her down on the grass, and brought water in a large leaf from the stream. He bathed her forehead, tenderly as a mother might, murmuring over her words of gentleness and affection.

"My poor Margie! my poor little darling!"

He pressed the little icy hands in his, but he did not kiss the lips he would have given half his life to have felt upon his. He was too honorable to take advantage of her helplessness. Louis Castrani's fine sense of delicacy was in itself enough to redeem manhood from the calumny so often uttered, that all men are vile when given the opportunity. She revived after a while, and met his eyes, as he knelt beside her.

"Are you better?" he asked, gently.

"Yes, it is over now. I am sorry to have troubled you. I must depend on you to go to the house with me. Nurse Day will be glad to welcome you. And I must ask you not to alarm her by alluding to my sudden illness. I am quite well now."

He gave her his arm, and they went up to the house together, followed by Leo.

Nurse Day received Castrani warmly, and would not hear of his returning to the village hotel that night. She was immensely "taken" with him. He admired her cheese, praised her biscuits and preserves, and went out with her to see her pigs and chickens, of which she was especially proud.

"He is a real gentleman," she said to Margie, after he had gone up to his chamber—"a real genuine gentleman; and if I was a young girl again, and he would look at me, I should be as happy as a queen. He's worth a round dozen of them fine fellows in long-tailed linen coats, that come round here every summer, skylarking up and down the brooks, with their spliced fishing-poles, a-scaring the fish out of two years' growth. Margie, there's something reliable about that man! He'd never talk about a friend behind his back, nor cheat a poor man out of an honest sixpence!"

Archer Trevlyn and Alexandrine Lee were married in September. It was a very

quiet wedding, the bridegroom preferring that there should be no parade or show on the occasion. Alexandrine and her mother both desired that it should take place in the fashionable church, where they worshipped, but they yielded to the wishes of Mr. Trevlyn. He deserved some deference, Mrs. Lee declared, for having behaved so handsomely. His presents to his bride were superb. A set of diamonds, that were a little fortune in themselves, and a settlement of three thousand a year—pin-money. The brown-stone house was finished and furnished, and there was no more elegant an establishment in the city. Alexandrine had had the management of the furnishing, and her exquisite taste and Archer's money had made a palace of it.

Trevlyn House, the fine old residence of the late John Trevlyn, was closed. Only the old butler and his wife remained in a back wing, to air the rooms occasionally, and keep the moths out of the upholstery. For some reason, unexplained even to himself, Archer never took his wife there. Perhaps the quiet rooms too forcibly reminded him of the woman he had loved and lost.

Alexandrine's ambition was satisfied. At last she was the wife of the man whose love and admiration she had coveted since her first acquaintance with him. From her heart, she believed him guilty of the murder of Paul Liumere; but, in spite of it, she had married him. She loved him intensely enough to pardon even that heinous crime. From her own nature, she knew that all mortals are weak, and she did not condemn this man she loved. If he had loved Margie as she herself loved, she did not wonder that he was ready to commit a murder to secure her for himself.

Her husband's admiration Alexandrine possessed, but she soon came to realize that he had told her the truth when he had said his heart was buried too deep to know a resurrection. He was kind to her—very gentle, and kind, and generous—for it was not in Archer Trevlyn's nature to be unkind to anything—and he felt that he owed her all respect and attention, in return for her love. Her every wish was gratified. Horses, carriages, servants, dress, jewelry—everything that money could purchase—waited her command, but not what she craved more than all—his love.

He never kissed her, never took her

hands in his, or held her to him when he said good-by, as he frequently did, for several days' absence on matters of business. He never called her *Alexandrine*—it was always *Mrs. Trevlyn*; and through the long winter evenings, when they were not at some ball or party, and sat by their splendid fireside, he never put his head in her lap, and let her soft fingers caress his hair, as she had seen other husbands do.

There were times when her heart ached—O, so dumbly!—for one loving word; when she would have renounced all her fine things—her house, and her carriages and servants—but to have felt his arms around her, and heard his voice calling her darling!

But it could never be, and she tried to school herself to think so calmly. She did not blame him. He had told her frankly that he could never love her, and on those terms she had become his wife. She had gone to her fate with her eyes open.

In September Louis Castrani again appeared in New York society. His appearance revived the old story of his devotion to Margaret Harrison, and people began to wonder why she staid away so long. But it was only for a little while; other candidates for favor appeared, and the void Margie had left was closed by other fair women.

As soon as he had heard of Castrani's arrival, Archer Trevlyn sought him out. He felt that he had a right to know if his suspicions touching Margie were correct. At first he had no doubt; but latterly a feeling had crept into his soul that possibly he had wronged her. She had been always, in seeming, so pure and guileless. Castrani received him coldly but courteously. Trevlyn was not to be repelled, but went to the point at once.

"Mr. Castrani," he said, "I believe I have to deal with a man of honor, and I trust that you will do me the favor of answering the questions I may ask, frankly."

"I shall be happy to answer any inquiries which Mr. Trevlyn may propound, provided they are not impertinent," replied Castrani, haughtily.

Trevlyn hesitated. He dreaded to have his suspicions confirmed, and he feared that if this man spoke the truth, such would be the case.

"I am listening, Mr. Trevlyn," remarked Castrani.

"Excuse me. In order to make you understand my position, I must beg you to indulge me in a little retrospection. You are, doubtless, aware that at one time I was engaged to Miss Margaret Harrison?"

"Such was the rumor, sir."

"It was correct. I loved her, deeply, fondly, with my whole soul—just as I love her still—in spite of all!"

"Mr. Trevlyn," said Castrani, with cold reproof in his voice, "you have a wife!"

"I am aware of it, but that does not change my feelings. I have tried to kill all regard for Margaret Harrison, but it is impossible. I can control it, but I cannot make it die. My wife knows it all—I told her freely—and, knowing it, she was willing to bear my name. For some reason, unknown to me, unexplained by Margaret, she cast me off. I had seen her only the day before the fatal note reached me—had held her in my arms, and felt her kiss upon my lips."

He stopped, controlled his emotion, and went on resolutely. "The next day I received a letter from her—a brief, cold, almost scornful letter. She renounced me utterly—she would never meet me again but as a stranger. She need make no explanation, she said; my own conscience would tell me why she could no longer be anything to me. As if I had committed some crime. I should have sought her, from one end of the earth to the other, and won from her an explanation of her rejection, had it not been for the force of circumstances, which revealed to me that she left for the North, in the early express with you—or equivalent to that. She entered the train at the same time, and you were both in the same car! This fact, coupled with your well-known devotion to her, and her renunciation of me, satisfied me that she had fled from me, to the arms of a—*a seducer!*"

"Villain!" cried Castrani, starting from his chair, his face scarlet with indignation. "If it were not a disgrace to use violence upon a guest, I would thrash you soundly! You loved Margaret Harrison, and yet believed that damnable falsehood of her! Out upon such love! She is, and was, pure as the angels. Yes, you say truly, I was devoted to her. I would have given my life—yea, my soul's salvation, for her love. But she never cared for me. I never enticed her to do evil—I would not, if I

could; and I could not, if I would! Who repeated this vile slander? Show him to me, and, by Heaven, his blood shall wipe out the stain!"

All Trevlyn's pride and passion left him. His face lost his rigid tenseness, his eye grew moist. He forgave Castrani's insults, because he had told him Margaret was pure. He put out his hands, and grasped those of his companion.

"O sir," he said, "I thank you—I thank you! You have made me as happy as it is now possible for me to become. It is like going back to heaven, after a long absence, to know that she was pure—that I was not deceived in her. O Margie! Margie! my wronged Margie! God forgive me for indulging such a thought of you!"

Castrani's hard face softened a little, as he witnessed the utter abandonment of the proud man before him.

"You may well ask God to forgive you," he said. "You deserve the depths of perdition, for harboring in your heart a thought against the purity of that woman. Archer Trevlyn, had she loved me as she did you, I would have cut off my right hand before I would have entertained a suspicion of sin in her! It is true that she went North on the same train in which I did, but I was not aware of it until the journey was ended. Previous to that time, I had not seen her for more than a fortnight, and I did not know she was near me, until in Boston my attention was attracted by a crowd of 'roughs,' gathered around a lady and a greyhound. The lady had lost her portemouaine, and the crowd made some insulting remarks, which I took the liberty of resenting; and when I saw the lady's face, to my amazement, I recognized Margaret Harrison!"

"And you protected her? You gave her money, and took her to a place of safety?" said Trevlyn, anxiously.

"Of course. As I should have done by any other lady—but more especially for her. I took her to a hotel, and on the morrow saw her start on her journey. I would have gone on with her, but she declined my escort."

"O, I thank you—I thank you so much! I shall be your friend always, for that. You will tell me where she is?"

"No. I cannot."

"Cannot? Does that imply that you will not?"

"It does."

"Then you know her present place of sojourn?"

"I do. But she does not desire the knowledge to become general. I have pledged my word to her not to reveal it, and tortures could not force it from me. Neither is it best for you to know."

"You are right. It is not. I might be unable to hinder myself from seeking her. And that could do no good. I know that she is innocent. That shall suffice me. Only tell me if she is well, and agreeably situated?"

"She is both. More, I think she is at peace. She is with those who love her."

"I thank you for bearing with me. I shall be happier for knowing she was not false to me. Whatever might have caused her to break the engagement, it was not because she loved another. Good-by, Mr. Castrani."

He wrung the hand of the Cuban warmly, and departed.

It was an afternoon in May. Everything without was smiling and at rest, but Mrs. Trevlyn was cross and out of humor. Perhaps any lady will say that she had sufficient reason. Everything had gone wrong. The cook was sick, and dinner was a failure; her dressmaker had disappointed her in not finishing her dress for the great ball at Mrs. Fitz Noodle's, that evening; and Annie, her maid, was down with one of her nervous headaches, and she would be obliged to send for a hairdresser. And no one could ever curl her hair to look as it did under Annie's skillful management.

Louis Castrani was a guest in the house, by Archer's invitation—for the two gentlemen had become friends, warmly and deeply attached to each other, and Mrs. Trevlyn could not help fretting over the unfortunate condition of her cuisine.

She was looking, very cross, as she sat in the back parlor, adjoining the tasteful little morning-room, where she spent most of her time, and where the gentlemen were in the habit of taking their books and newspapers, when they desired it quiet. If she had known that Mr. Castrani was at that moment lying on the lounge, in the morning-room, the door of which was slightly ajar, she might have dismissed that unbecoming frown, and put her troubles aside. Mr. Trevlyn entered, just as

she had for the twentieth time that day arrived at the conclusion that she was the most sorely afflicted woman in the world, and his first words did not tend to give her any consolation.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Trevlyn, that I am to be deprived of the privilege of attending the ball to-night. It is particularly annoying."

"What do you mean, Mr. Trevlyn?"

"I am obliged to go to Philadelphia on important business, and must leave in this evening's train. I did not know of the necessity, until a few hours ago."

Mrs. Trevlyn was just in the state to be wrought upon by trifles.

"Always business!" she exclaimed, pettishly. "I am sick of the word!"

"Business before pleasure, Mrs. Trevlyn. But, really, this is an important affair. It is connected with the house of Benshaw and Selwyn, which went under last week. The firm were under large obligations to—"

"Don't talk business to me, Mr. Trevlyn! I do not understand such things—neither do I desire to. I only hope it is business you are going for!"

What prompted her to speak in that way she could not tell; she felt so irritated herself that she was not exactly satisfied to see her husband sitting there, so cool and self-possessed. And besides, she had a very powerful reason for wishing him to be present at Mrs. Fitz Noodle's that evening. Her old school friend, Miss Georgia Ryder, was to be there, and she and Georgia had been rivals from their earliest days, and Mrs. Trevlyn had quite set her heart on bringing about a meeting between her husband and this less fortunate friend. She wanted Georgia to see what a handsome cultivated man she had won. Mr. Trevlyn looked at her in some surprise.

"You only hope it is business?" he said, inquiringly. "I do not comprehend."

"I might have said that I hoped it was not a woman who called you from your wife!"

The moment the words were spoken she repented their utterance, but the mischief was already done. He flushed hotly.

"Mrs. Trevlyn, I shall request you to unsay the insinuation conveyed in your words. They are unworthy of you, and a shame to me."

"And I shall decline to unsay them. I dare affirm they are true enough."

"What do you mean, madam? I am, I trust, a man of honor. You are my wife, and I am true to you. I have never loved but one woman, and she is dead to me."

This allusion to the old love was extremely unfortunate just at this time, for Mrs. Trevlyn was just sore enough to be deeply wounded by it, and angry enough to throw back taunt for taunt.

"A man of honor!" she ejaculated, scornfully. "Honor, forsooth! Archer Trevlyn, do you call yourself that?"

"I do; and I defy any man living to prove the contrary!" answered Archer, proudly.

"You defy any man. Do you also defy any woman? Tell me, if you can, whose glove this is?" And she pulled from her bosom the blood-stained glove, and held it up before him.

He looked at it, flushed crimson, and trembled perceptibly. She laughed scornfully.

"Archer Trevlyn, your guilt is known to me! It has been known to me ever since the fatal night on which Paul Linmere met his death. I was there that night by the lonely graveyard. I saw you kiss her hand. I heard the dreadful blow, listened to the smothered groan, and saw through the weeping gloom the guilty murderer as he fled from the scene of crime. When the victim was discovered, I went first, because I feared he might have left behind him something that would fix his identity—and so he had. This glove I found lying upon the ground, by the side of the wretched victim—marked with the name of the murderer—stained with the blood of the murdered! I hid it away; I would have died sooner than it should have been torn from me, because I was foolish enough to love this man, whose hand was red with murder! Archer Trevlyn, you took the life of Paul Linmere, and thus removed the last obstacle that stood between you and Margaret Harrison!"

Trevlyn's face had grown white as death while she had been speaking, but it was more like the white heat of passion than like the pallor of detected guilt. His rigid lips were stern and pale; his dark eyes fairly shot lightnings. He looked at his wife as though he would read her very soul.

"Alexandrine," he said, hoarsely, "you believed this of me? You deemed me guilty of the crime of murder, and yet you married me? My God!"

"Yes, I married you. I was not so conscientious as your saintly Margaret. She would not marry a man who had shed blood—even though he had done it for love of her!"

Trevlyn caught her arm fiercely.

"Madam, do you mean to say that this shameful story ever came to the ears of Margie Harrison?"

"Yes, she knew it. I told it to her myself! Kill me, if you like," she added, seeing his fearful face; "it will not be your first crime!"

He forced himself to be calm.

"When did you make this revelation to Margaret?"

"The night before she left New York—the night she was to have gone to the opera with you. I deemed it my duty. I did not do it to separate you, though I am willing to confess that I desired you to be separated. I knew that Margaret would sooner die than marry you, if the knowledge of your crime was possessed by her."

"And she—Margaret—believed me guilty?"

"Why should she not? Any jury of twelve impartial men would have committed you on the evidence I could have brought. You were in love with Miss Harrison. She was under solemn obligation to marry Mr. Linmere—yet she loved you. Nothing save his death could release her. You were seen at night in a lonely graveyard, where none of your kin were slumbering. There, at that hour, the murder was done, and after its commission you stole forth silently, guiltily—fleeing when no man pursued. By the side of the murdered man was found your glove, stained with his blood; and a little way from his dead body a handkerchief, bearing the single initial 'A.' Whose name commences with that letter? Could anything be clearer or more conclusive?"

"And you believe me guilty?"

"I do."

He took a step towards her. She never forgot the dreadful look upon his face. She thought of it the last thing before she died.

"I scorn to make any explanation. I might perhaps clear myself of this foul accusation, but I will make no effort to do so. But not another day will I live beneath the same roof with the woman who believed me guilty of murder, and yet sunk herself so low as to become my wife!"

"As you please," she said, defiantly. "I should be quite as happy if it were so."

He bowed coldly, courteously—went out and closed the door behind him. The sound struck to the heart of his wife like a knell. She staggered back and fell upon a chair. She would have given her life if she could have recalled the last half hour of time!

Had she been mad? She put her hand to her forehead—did reason still linger in her brain? She had wounded and angered him beyond all hope of pardon—him, whom in spite of everything, she held more precious than the whole world! She had lost his respect—lost forever all chance of winning his love. And she had eagerly cherished the sweet hope that sometime he might forget the old dream, and turn to the new reality. But it was past!

She forgot all about the ball she had been so eager to attend. It never entered her mind after Archer had left her. She went up to her chamber, and, locking the door, threw herself, dressed as she was, on the bed. How long must this continue? How long would he remain away? His business would not probably keep him more than a few days, and then surely he would return. And she would throw herself at his feet, acknowledge her fault, and plead—yes, beg for his forgiveness. Anything, only to have peace between them once more!

She could not write to him, for he had not left his address. The next morning she went down to the store, but they knew nothing of his destination, or his probable time of absence. So all she could do was to return home and wait.

Is there anything so terrible as this waiting? The only wonder is that people do not go mad under the slow torture.

A week passed—ten days—and still he did not return, and no tidings of him had reached his agonized wife.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE BLUE JOCKEY.

Mason, Anna

*Ballou's Monthly Magazine (1866-1893); Jun 1875; 41, 6; American Periodicals
pg. 561*

THE LITTLE BLUE JOCKEY.

BY ANNA MASON.

EARLY in the season the usually quiet town of W—— was all alive with excitement and gayety. Fine equipages filled its thoroughfares, while strangers crowded its hotels, keeping the proprietors and their supernumerary assistants on the verge of despair with their exactions, only bearing up under them through the powerful incentive of money being lavishly squandered.

Besides all this, the wave from the outer world had brought into the quiet town a style and elegance in dress usual in fashionable localities, but astonishing to the town's people, awakening them to a sense of their own deficiencies, and turning many a pretty little head with foolish longings, hitherto unfelt.

For the first time, except on the most insignificant scale, horse-racing had found its way to the secluded town. Heretofore it had been confined to farmers' lads mounted on miserable grass-fed specimens of equine creation; although it must be admitted that Judge Harris's son, seated in his light sulky behind a fast horse, had, occasionally, raced on the road against Brack Turner and his celebrated La Purcelle.

Turner was a professional trainer, employed on the estate of Mr. Tremaine, the magnate, *par excellence*, of the place on grounds purely mercenary.

As the first rosy dawn prophesies the full effulgence of approaching day, so these small beginnings were premonitory signs of a mighty "turf-fever," that rapidly increased and culminated in the grand races, stirring the great world beyond W——, and bringing surging into it men of wealth, ladies of fashion, lovers of the turf, and a host of speculators, gamblers and adventurers. The great wave swept over the little town, and it scarcely knew itself.

Mr. Tremaine, a gentleman of large means, was very fond of horses, and had always kept a number on his place. He was somewhat given to trading, and unusually fortunate in his transactions; for when he bought horses whose fine points—

or, more correctly, latent possibilities of fine points—no one else seemed to appreciate, he would, after due care and training, part with them on terms extremely advantageous to himself.

There was one little mare bred on his place of pedigree that would have led to no great expectations on the part of turfmen, that early exhibited marked traits. She was difficult to break in, and rebelled so fiercely at work that she was at last turned loose, and allowed to roam about the place at her own sweet will.

Occasionally she was called into requisition by Tom Snow, the groom's son, when sent on some errand, until that worthy discovered that the small, irritable, nervous mare had remarkable speed; after which he surreptitiously led her out at night and won many trifling wagers of peanuts and grog.

It so chanced that she was seen by Brack Turner, who at once perceived her great capabilities. He demanded a private interview with Mr. Tremaine, and, as its result, was at once installed as Dolly's trainer; whereupon he proceeded to break her in and bring out her fine points.

Many times did Mr. Tremaine meditate parting with her, for it seemed as if even with her patient trainer she never could be broken into a steady trot, while the expense of keeping Turner was no trifle. On the other hand, the trainer prophesied a glorious career for Dolly, and held his faith in her unshaken, while with great earnestness he urged Mr. Tremaine not to part with her.

The event justified his confidence and recommended his penetration. Racing men came from a distance to see Dolly; fabulous prices were offered for her; and when a race course was finally laid out in the suburbs of the town, she was entered in competition with horses of famous record.

Mr. Tremaine's only daughter Mai—a pretty girl of eighteen, sharing her father's enthusiasm for horses, and herself a fine horse-woman—rechristened her as La Purcelle, and she was no more known as Dolly.

On the first day of the races the little town was as gay as Rome at carnival time. To be sure, there were a few good old-fashioned conservative folks who closed their blinds and remained at home in shady rooms; but the gay city people wielded a mighty influence, and their countenance seemed to lend to the whole affair an air of respectability, so that even grave and sober people were drawn into the vortex.

In one carriage, whirling rapidly through a cloud of dust, was seated Mr. Tremaine, a fat and pompous gentleman whose rubicund and rather coarse-featured face was beaming complacently. His obesity rather added to than detracted from a self-important air. He wore fine broadcloth; a white silk vest, opening low over an expansive chest adorned by an embroidered shirt-front, on which sparkled a diamond of exquisite lustre; a wide-spreading hat, refreshingly lined with green, and adorned with a scarf of tulle; a pair of yellow kid gloves, stitched with red, drawn tightly over his little podgy hands; and sleeve-studs of enormous dimensions, representing with the finest touches of the goldsmith's art-heads of his equine idols.

Like his friend Mr. Tracy, who was seated beside him, and who shared his faith in La Purcelle, he wore on the left breast of his coat a rosette of blue and maroon ribbons.

Opposite to these two gentlemen was a boy of some fourteen years, but small and slightly built for his age, possessing a face, however, remarkably spirited and intelligent. Sunny hair fell in curling rings over his broad forehead, and was surmounted by a jockey's hat of blue and maroon, set jauntily on to one side; a fine color lighted his thin cheek and deepened the scarlet in lips arched like Cupid's bow; and there was inimitable drollery and humor in his merry blue eyes, that changed in expression with every thought that chased through his active young brain. Now and then he slyly stretched out his limbs to admire his silken hose, and complacently patted his knee-breeches of pale blue satin, slashed over linings of maroon-color silk, or his jacket of the same materials, heavy with embroidery.

Thus attired, he reminded one of nothing so much as one of those pretty pages

of mediæval days—perhaps of noble birth, the pet of some fair queen of love and beauty—learning in her courts chivalrous devotion to her sex, ere going forth into the world to learn of grim and armed knights sterner lessons of combat and warfare.

This was the boy known as "The Little Blue Jockey."

Driving out one day, with old Snow the groom seated beside him, Brack Turner had discovered him. The little urchin, with a very dirty face, had crossed his path, vaulted over a fence at a single bound, turned a somersault in the grass, and risen to his feet with a laugh of triumph, to spring upon the back of a colt free in the meadow, there to cling like a monkey, notwithstanding the colt's frantic behaviour, till they both rolled over in the grass together.

"Who in the name of mischief is that?" demanded Turner.

"O, one of them wild Irish!" was the careless reply of Snow, who prided himself to an unreasonable degree on his Yankees origin.

"Come here with you, boy!" shouted Turner.

The specimen approached.

"Now, then, what's your name, sir?"

"That's a conundrum, and perhaps you will have to give it up," replied the boy, with a saucy shake of the head. "Besides, I don't pick up acquaintances, but only associate with quality that are introduced to me by the minister, the governor, or some of my friends."

"The d—l! Where do you live, I'd like to know?"

"Just wherever I happen to be. At present I'm living here, you observe;" with the slightest touch of Milesian brogue in his young sweet voice.

"Who is your mother?"

"You've just said it, old cove. As near as I can make out, she is my mother."

"Now see here, have done with this fooling!" cried Turner, impatiently. "I'm talking to you for your own good. I want to know how old you are, and how much you weigh."

"The dickens, you do! Cool and salubrious! Well, I'm the same age as my twin brother that died, and weigh as much as my shadow. How is that for high?"

"You're a provoking cub! You'd listen to reason if you had any sense in you."

"Don't go off on your ear, old fellow!" cried the boy, putting his arms akimbo, and eyeing Turner with an innocent smile. "But are you reason?"

"He's got you there, Turner," laughed the groom.

Turner deigned no reply.

"Would you like a lot of money, boy?" asked he.

"Shoot your money! You wouldn't be after giving it to me, even if you had it!"

"You could earn it."

"And spend it, too, you bet!"

"I'm a horse-trainer, and you're the boy I'd like for a jockey, to ride the prettiest creature ever you set your two eyes on. What do you say to that?"

"I say bully for you, old fellow! and now you talk like a man and a brother! Give us your paw, and it's a bargain. My mother may not like the business, but she'll find the money convenient to have."

"Then you've got a mother?"

"To be sure I have; she lives just beyond," replied the boy, nodding his head toward a small house at a little distance. "Come and hold out your inducements to her, if you're in earnest."

In a few moments they reached the poor shanty, where they found a frail-looking woman bending over washtubs. The trainer explained his business, and the weary mother listened and hesitated.

"It's no horse that could throw the likes of him," said she, with a smile of motherly pride. "But it's meself don't like to throw him in the way of temptation, and the rough life he'd lead with bad men and boys."

"But mighty good pay he'd get, I guess," put in the groom, artfully.

"Shure it's pay we need," sighed the overworked, underpaid woman. "Jamie is a good boy, and willing to work at every odd job that comes to hand; and when he can't get work it's help me to iron he will, no matter who laughs. But for all that, it's starving we're like to be."

"Then he may go?"

"Shure there's no help for it, and luck go with him!" decided the mother, with the logic of suffering and necessity.

So the bargain was made. Jamie's face was washed, and he stepped into the buggy and drove off with the trainer.

Half an hour later he was weighed in the stables, and presented to Mr. Tremaine as the jockey who should ride La Purcelle to victory.

"Eighty-seven pounds," commented Mr. Tremaine; "that's two pounds more than the regulations require for three-year olds. But we'll have the weight all right. He'll do."

The bright pretty boy at once became a prime favorite with Miss Mai. She laughed at his slang till he dropped the use of it, encouraged him to read and study, and stirred up his ambition, till the coming races became to him, as to her, a matter of vital interest.

She entered heart and soul into the prospective triumphs of La Purcelle, and had laughingly declared that no one should excel her rider in appearance. Her dainty fingers, then, had fashioned the suit in which Jamie was now appareled. He had dressed at the house, and Miss Mai's little fingers had adjusted the ribbons and put on finishing touches ere she had stepped into the carriage, and driven off with her mamma and two young lady guests.

"We have concluded to drive out on the track, Jamie, and see the races from the carriage," had been her parting words. "See, here are the blue ribbons I must present to the victorious horse at the home-stretch. Remember, it would break my heart should I be called on to fasten them to the headstall of any but La Purcelle." And Miss Mai, his queen of love and beauty, had actually kissed him. Ah well, he could die for that kiss!

The day had been like a day of fairy-land. After exercising La Purcelle in the morning, he had dined at the great house, and been served from silver dishes, and eaten off of plates on which were painted beautiful clusters of fruit and groups of flowers.

"You mustn't get your neck broken, you monkey you," cried Mr. Tremaine, suddenly breaking in on his reverie, and playfully chucking him under the chin.

"No danger of breaking a neck that was born to wear a rope round it," laughed Jamie.

"What will the boys say, Jamie, to you?"

"They'll envy me," replied the boy, complacently stroking his gay attire, "as much as Joseph's brethren did his coat of

many colors, and wish they dared roll me into a mudhole."

"Well, well, there is some difference in a toilet made in a fair lady's dressing-room and those of the stables. Jump out with you—here we are!"

Jamie quickly vanished, and the gentlemen left the carriage to mingle in the crowd.

The seats were already filled, and the entire scene was one of the utmost gayety. The first race was to be a handicap for all ages, one mile stretch. The horses were now brought on to the track, and their appearance greeted by the crowd with excited murmurs of admiration. First came the favorite of the day, "Bold Pioneer," a powerful six-year old, mounted by a jockey weighing one hundred and ten, wearing orange and green. Last of all came La Purcelle, mounted by her little blue jockey, his head bent in serious attention as he listened to the last earnest instructions of the trainer.

There was no end of laughing and chatting; up went opera-glasses, fans were lightly waved. Ladies gayly exchanged bets with their cavaliers of smoking-caps, slippers or cigars against bouquets, bonbons, gloves, or other trifles dear to femininity, going by whim and fancy oftener than probability. More anxious gamesters registered heavier stakes, too much engrossed by their risks to enjoy the occasion in the light-hearted fashion of their fair neighbors.

At the first attempt the flag fell to a glorious start, Rowdy, a four-year-old gelding, being the first to pass the string, while the others were well up, and La Purcelle formed the rear guard. As they rounded the turn Bold Pioneer shot to the front.

So far, following the trainer's directions, Little Blue Jockey had by no means permitted La Purcelle to show her full speed; but as they neared the upper turn the beautiful little creature struck out with a speed that was simply amazing—like an arrow from the tight-drawn bow—shot past all other competitors, easily about to pass Bold Pioneer, and the race virtually won, as all could see at a glance, when—O Heaven, what a sight! Bold Pioneer and La Purcelle were both down, kicking and struggling. The green and orange jockey, having sprung to his feet, was rubbing his shins and shaking off dust, while the little

blue jockey lay under the cruel feet of the rushing horses.

The scene was one of terror. A cry of horror burst from the affrighted crowd; ladies even fainted. The horses were stopped, and their riders gazed back with curious awful eyes at the little blue jockey, who did not stir. In a moment Brack Turner sprang forward, caught the child up in his strong arms, and carried him out. To still the excitement he almost immediately reappeared to announce that the little jockey was not much hurt, but frightened, and receiving all needful attention from a skillful surgeon who had offered his services. He also announced that the races would continue, the handicap for all ages being postponed to the last, and only La Purcelle withdrawn.

A great sigh of relief from the ladies and hearty cheers from the men greeted this information. Racing men were heard complaining of the faulty construction of the course, and pronouncing the abrupt turns dangerous, till the entrance of the horses created a diversion, and the painful excitement died out.

Once more laughing voices were heard as the coming race was eagerly discussed. It was to be a handicap hurdle race over eight hurdles, two mile stretch; and in the admiration called forth by the beautiful appearance of the noble animals, and the excitement of betting, is it to be wondered that the unfortunate opening episode was all but forgotten?

But underneath the seats where the gay crowds were assembled, sight and thought engrossed by the glorious race, it was cool and shady. Here, protected from the glare of the sun, only a blanket from the stables between him and the bare ground, lay Jamie. Over him bent a surgeon, anxiously examining his condition.

One poor woman, in faded garments, whose voice had uttered a piercing shriek heard above the general confusion, had tottered out there, and was bending in an agony of grief over her only child. There he lay moaning on the ground, his bright maroon ribbons soiled with dust, his blue satin suit stained in many places with crimson blood, and his face, begrimed and bleeding, distorted in an agony of pain.

What a sight! and just overhead the gay crowds laughing, chatting and forgetting.

Can she—the heartbroken mother—ever forget?

Mr. Tremaine was not a cruel man, although supremely selfish. His first anxiety had been for La Purcelle, the beautiful creature of so many of his hopes and dreams. A veterinary surgeon had pronounced her with no permanent injury, only unfit for the course to-day. His second thought was for the little jockey; and approaching the group under the steps, he, too, bent over Jamie, to start back, shocked and horrified, as he realized that the shattered little life was going out.

"Is there no hope?"

The surgeon shook his head. He had done nothing, but then there was nothing to be done. No need to add to the poor boy's pain by moving him. Where could he be more comfortable, with those cruel tortures of bones driven back into tender flesh and on to quivering nerves by those relentless hoofs? One could not be so

cruel as to wish the young spirit to linger in the poor suffering little body.

His dying ears caught the words of the trainer, as he, too, joined the group:

"Bold Pioneer isn't hurt, nor his jockey neither. They're on the track again now."

"I've no heart to hear about it, Turner; our poor Jamie is dying."

The sound of loud cheering from without reached the dulled ears, and a light shone in the rapidly glazing eyes, while the boy even made a faint attempt to raise his body, as he muttered:

"Bold Pioneer has beat—I know he has! Dear Miss Mai said it would break her heart! O, I'm so sorry—so sorry!"

"Hush!" sobbed a woman's voice, in a broken whisper. "Don't think about the races now, mamma's darling. You are dying, Jamie dear. O try to pray—ask Christ to receive your soul!"

But her words fell on insensate ears—for the little blue jockey was dead.

THE MAD STUDENT.: And How he made me a Victim.

QUAD, M
Ballou's Monthly Magazine (1866-1893); Aug 1875; 42, 2; American Periodicals
pg. 137

THE MAD STUDENT.

And How he made me a Victim.

BY M. QUAD, OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

We were a jolly set of fellows, we thirteen who boarded at Mrs. Fondlake's around on Blank Street. There were nine compositors from the "Morning Glory" office, two reporters from the "Old Flag," and Temple and I represented the "Democratic Guide," or the local page thereof. Yes, even Mrs. Fondlake admitted that we were "good boys," which meant with her that we paid our board promptly, came in without undue noise, never got intoxicated, and always ate her tough beefsteak and watery potatoes without murmuring.

Really, we were fourteen, but we never counted the other man as any part or parcel of our "gang." How he came to the house we never knew, but if he had not been there before us, we should have planned to oust him. He was a tall slim man, Roman nose, black eyes and hair, and there were days at a time when he came and went without exchanging a word. We finally came to ignore his presence altogether, and to look upon him as we did upon the familiar earthen teapot, minus half its handle, but valuable to Mrs. Fondlake because her grandmother had used it fifty years before.

We were not selfish or disrespectful in adopting this course toward Ellis. He drove us into it, in fact. When a man comes in, sits and thinks until the bell rings, eats his food like a machine, uses the table-cloth to wipe his mouth, mutters to himself about drugs, knives, forceps and surgical operations, never replying to a "good-morning" or a question about the weather, how can one be sociable with him? or how can one treat him like a brother?

I had been at Mrs. Fondlake's all of two months before I found out about Ellis. He got pinched for funds one day, and selected me out from the rest to do him the favor of advancing an "X" for a week or ten days. He made the request in an absent way, muttering to himself about a new and wonderful table, and was going off without the money when I called him to take it.

"Now, see here, Ellis," I commenced, holding the bank notes between my fingers, "I'll let you have the money on one condition. I want to know what you are doing in New York, and why in the old Harry you can't answer a civil question? Further, what have you got in your head about medicine or surgery which keeps you muttering about such things all the time?"

"I don't mind telling you, of course I don't," he replied, in a dreamy way. "I came here from Wisconsin to attend a medical college—to graduate as a physician, surgeon and chemist. I don't get along as I would like to. I study hard, never lose a lecture or take an hour to myself, and yet I don't get along. I have had enough of theory, but not enough practice. I want some subject, some man who is willing to let me experiment on him a little."

I laughed at the idea, but checked myself as I saw that I was wounding his feelings. I could see that he was not quite right in his mind, and I did not wish to add to his troubles. I gave him the money with a promise that he might experiment on me some day, and he suddenly grew confidential.

"I'll tell you a secret," he whispered, coming up close to me, "a great secret

which you must never divulge to any human being. I have a room on the third floor of No. — Maiden Lane—a room which I have fitted up to experiment there in chemistry, and to study anatomy. I have some wonderful things there, and if you have any interest in such matters, I should like to have you call up some night. It's room number 29."

I promised that I would do so, and only saw Ellis twice during the next week. He then acted so much like a lunatic that I wondered how he had escaped the attention of the police. He hardly recognized me, muttering about "wonderful invention—painless death—tables—laughing gas," etc. I made up my mind that he would soon be in a lunatic asylum, and that it was a case of too much brain work.

The third night after, which was Thursday night, Temple and I were sent to a locality near No. 281 to report a case of murder. After having secured all facts, he had to jog along seven or eight blocks to attend a ward caucus or some sort of political meeting, and I was free to return to the office and write up. It struck me all at once that I would pay a visit to Ellis's room. I detailed our conversation to Temple, told him what I intended, and as his own curiosity was somewhat aroused, he agreed to drop in as he came along back, expecting that he should return within an hour at the furthest.

I had no difficulty in reaching Ellis's room, the door of which was locked. There was a strong smell of drugs and chemicals in the hall, and I wondered how the man could endure the odor. He opened the door a little in answer to my knock, but I had to repeat my name three or four times before he seemed to recognize me.

"Ah! excuse me!" he exclaimed, opening the door at last. "Walk right in—glad to see you. I've wanted you all the evening, and am a thousand times obliged for the call. I keep the door locked all the time, as there are hundreds of students prowling around nights, and some of them might steal some of my secrets!"

The room was a large one, a partition having been torn out and two rooms thrown into one. Everything seemed to have been flung into the room and left lying just where it fell. There were large bottles, jugs, jars, phials, dentist's tools, surgeon's tools, and a hundred other things, piled up

on shelves, setting on chairs, lying in the corners.

"You couldn't expect me to have a parlor here," remarked Ellis, noticing how observant I was. "I have to make experiments, deal in acids and other nasty things, and it would be useless to attempt to keep the room in order."

I lighted my pipe to do away with the smell, and after a few words of conversation the student invited me to the other end of the room, where stood a table about seven feet long and three feet wide. It was stoutly made, and the work was creditable to the mechanic. I saw that several clasps and bands made of wrought iron, and perhaps three inches wide, were fastened to the table, but these I merely noticed. As I stood surveying the table, Ellis said:

"I won't wait for you to ask me what it is for. Now, every well-posted man knows that surgeons labor under great difficulty while performing delicate operations, because the patient, from pain or nervousness, is always moving a little, even when under the most powerful drug. Now, I have invented this table to obviate these difficulties. The patient once stretched out, these clasps and bands are made fast about his ankles and arms, and he must remain quiet whether or no!"

The idea was so ridiculous, and Ellis spoke with such warmth, that I could not refrain from laughing. He took offence right away, and when I saw it, I stopped laughing and pretended to believe that he had a fine thing.

"If I only had some one who would stretch out for a moment and let me see if the clasps were properly adjusted—if—if?"

"Oh as to that, I'll be the patient," I replied, rather anxious to propitiate him, even if he were crazy.

I took off my coat, removed my boots—he suggested the latter—and stretched out with a laugh. There were two gas-burners in the room, making it very light, and I could not help but notice how nervous and excited the man was as he proceeded to fasten me. He fitted the clasps over my ankles—they fitted exactly—and then hauled my arms back until the elbows were on a line with my shoulders, and then fastened them. Stepping back and surveying me he asked:

"Can you move leg or arm?"

I attempted to, in vain, and informed him

that I was as firmly fast as one could be. "That's it! Ha! ha! ha! That's it—that's what I've long wanted!" yelled the man, dancing about and clapping his hands together. "Now I can make my experiments on a human being!"

That moment I would have given a year's salary to have been off the table. I saw his madness in his eyes and actions, and I feared for my life. But I was determined not to let him get an inkling of my anxiety.

"O! come Ellis, unfasten the clasps and let me get up," I remarked, in a coaxing tone. "Your table is a very valuable invention, but you ought to provide it with a cushion."

He was busy at the bottles, and made no reply. He searched about for two or three minutes, and then he exclaimed, "Good!" and came over to me with a phial in one hand and a sponge in the other.

"This," he commenced, as he wet the sponge, "is nitrous oxide gas, or laughing gas. It is a new thing, and is said to be a fine substitute for chloroform, especially in dental operations. I shall now proceed to experiment a little."

"Get back, you fool!" I shouted, as he came near. "Don't you know that you may kill me with your infernal stuff? Take it away, and release me as quick as you can!"

"Laughing gas is only fatal when administered in inordinate quantities," he continued, his voice never changing at all. "After through with this, I'll show you how chloroform works."

I shouted "help! help!" as he came nearer, but then remembered that all the other rooms were deserted, and that there was not one chance in a thousand of my cries being heard on the street. Then I tried to reason with him, but he suddenly pressed the sponge over my mouth, held my head, and in a moment I began to feel the effects of the stuff. I felt my head grow large, had no more care, and soon dropped off in a dream.

All of a sudden I felt as if some one were tearing my jaws apart, so great was the pain, and the next moment I opened my eyes to see that the madman had jerked out one of my teeth! He held it up before me, laughed as if greatly pleased, and then muttered:

"Fine—very fine—only I should have

kept him under the influence about twenty seconds longer."

Suffering great pain, and now thoroughly cognizant of my unpleasant situation, I struggled and shouted, but all to no purpose. Then I suddenly remembered that Temple had agreed to stop for me on his way back. As near as I could make out, I had been in the room about half an hour, and Temple might soon be along, if the meeting was as unimportant an affair as he had looked for. But suppose he were detained another hour—two hours—forgot to stop as he went by!

Ellis again approached me, having a bottle and sponge as before. The smell of chloroform came to my nostrils, and again I begged and entreated him to let me off.

"Chloroform is a fine thing—a very fine thing!" he muttered, paying no attention to my words. "It takes only a little to produce a death-sleep. But I must not go as far as that. I only want total unconsciousness for five or ten minutes."

"If you will let me get up, I'll pass this all over as a joke, and give you a hundred dollars!" I exclaimed, as I saw that he was going to put me under the influence of the drug.

He made no reply, but seized me by the hair with one hand, and with the other held the dampened sponge to my nose. I fought against the influence all I could, but I had to breathe at last, and it was not three minutes before my senses were leaving me. I tried to shout, but my voice died away. I tried to catch the madman's eye, but I saw a dozen men standing over me instead of one, and my eyes closed, and I was unconscious.

"There! you are all right again, and I'll bet a hundred dollars to one that you never felt the lance at all! Come, now, did you!"

It was the student who was speaking. My eyes unclosed, but there was a terrible roaring in my head, and it was several minutes before I could make out what he meant. I then ascertained that he had pricked a vein in my arm and was bleeding me! I could feel the blood running away, and felt considerably weakened.

"That is one of the first lessons which a physician must learn," remarked Ellis, cutting away coat and shirt, and bandaging the arm. "I could weaken him to a baby's strength, if I wished, but I must save him—I have more experiments."

More experiments!

My heart sank like a lump of lead. What about Temple? Why didn't he come? He was coming! I heard a step on the stairs, and my heart bounded with hope. It came up one, two, three steps, hesitated, and I saw that Ellis also heard it. His face assumed a crafty expression, and he walked softly to the door, locked it and pocketed the key. Then, as we listened, the unknown retreated down the stairs, and again I was at the mercy of the madman.

What would he do next?

I was free to move my head this way and that, and I watched him as he handled the bottles and surgical instruments. He was five or ten minutes fussing around, but last found what he desired.

"Half the hurts which humanity receive are wounds which require needle and thread," he said to himself, as he threaded a shining needle, stuck it into my clothing, and then went and brought a sharp knife. And then, as he looked me over, holding the knife ready for use, he continued:

"I only want a small clean cut to practice on—one which will take about four stitches. Where shall I have it?"

I saw what he intended, but dared not protest, for fear that he would give me something to render me unconscious; perhaps get in a passion and stab me. He at length decided to take the calf of my leg. Rolling up my pants, he made everything ready, and then gave me a cut which made me yell with pain.

"Splendid! splendid!" he shouted, wiping off the blood. "It ought to be more jagged for one to make a real first-class display of surgery, but then, this will do on this. When I come to amputate the arm, I shall work to make a nice job of it!"

I shouted as loud as I could, struggled until exhausted, and offered him all the gold in New York if he would set me free. But he made no reply, and did not hesitate for a moment. The needle made me groan at every stitch, but he pushed it through, drew the edges of the cut together, cut off the thread, and then stood back and surveyed his work, as if well satisfied. He then looked all around the room, walked up and down as if puzzled, and finally remarked:

"Yes, I'll try it! Five drops of Prussian acid is said to be sufficient to kill the

strongest man in five minutes. I'll give him five drops."

I shouted until the room echoed, and yet not one of the pedestrians below made the least halt, nor did Ellis himself seem to realize that I was using my voice. He stood upon an empty carboy, to get down a bottle from the top shelf, and then I watched him as he partly filled a spoon with water, and dropped into it five drops of the deadly poison. He brought bottle and all as he came to me, and set the bottle on the table close to my head.

The man seemed to have concluded that I would shut my teeth and resist, for he seized me by the hair in a savage way, and then made a dash at my mouth with the spoon. By a quick turn of the head I made him spill the contents of the spoon on my cheek, and the same movement knocked the bottle off and broke it into a hundred pieces. Seeing the ruination of his plans, Ellis struck me four or five times with his fist, and then went off to his bottles again.

Would Temple come? I judged it had been two hours since I entered the room, and surely my friend could not be detained much longer. His arrival was my only hope. If he did not come, Ellis would experiment me to death in another hour. Temple would find the door locked, but I meant to shout to him, and then depend on him to burst in the door, or run down and get a policeman.

"Amputation is the main thing in surgery," muttered Ellis, coming forward. "A job well done saves a life; poorly done the patient dies!"

He came closer, felt of my legs and arms, and finally pushed up my coatsleeve and shirt as far as the iron band which held the arm. He could not get quite to the elbow, and so remarked to himself that he would amputate the arm at the wrist! If he did it I would be a dead man in fifteen minutes. I knew that he had no practical knowledge of surgery, and the pain itself would be more than I could stand.

"Let's see," mused Ellis, his hand up to his head. "I want the saw, bandages, knife, needle, thread, and a dish of water. I must cut the flesh to the bone, turn back the skin so as to leave a flap, and then saw through the bone."

It was awful to think of it, and I yelled until faint, and swayed my body until I

nearly upset the table. He seemed to fear that help might come, and came running up with his chloroform again, rendering me unconscious in three or four minutes.

"He's all right—he's coming to; just let him alone."

I heard the words as if they had been spoken a long way off; there was a terrible pain in my head, my eyelids felt as if weighted, and when I at last lifted them, three or four men were standing around me—Temple, two policemen, and a surgeon. I was carried down stairs, sent home, and no explanations were made until the next day.

Then Temple told me that the meeting delayed him; that, remembering his promise, he had come back that way, came up stairs, and had just reached the door, when Ellis came out after a dish of water. Temple caught sight of me on the table, and was about to rush in, when the madman locked the door on him. It was only a moment's work to call the officers, who kicked in the door just as Ellis was ready to use his knife. He attacked the officers, and it was only after a hard fight that he was handcuffed and marched off, being sent, after a day or two, to an insane asylum, where he yet remains.

THE MAGIC GLASS: OR, DETECTING A MURDERER.

QUAD, M
Ballou's Monthly Magazine (1866-1893); May 1875; 41, 5; American Periodicals
pg. 462

THE MAGIC GLASS:

—OR,—

DETECTING A MURDERER.

BY M. QUAD, OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

THERE had been a murder down at Colville—a cold-blooded murder the despatch said—and I was detailed to go down and work up the case.

It was my trade—or profession then—hunting down thieves and murderers, and I had been so long at the business that a telegram announcing a murder was taken as coolly as if the despatch had related to some ordinary happening.

Before noon I was at Colville. It was a little hamlet about twenty miles from New York, and three miles off the railroad. I had answered the despatch before leaving New York, and they were therefore expecting me. As I landed on the platform a farmer came up and inquired my name, and I was requested to take a seat in his one-horse wagon for a drive to the village. He was greatly excited over the murder, and we had only got started when he commenced talking.

I soon learned that it was a woman who had been murdered—a rich old spinster named *Miss Williams*. She was a woman about fifty-five years old, living in the best house in the village, and being possessed of quite a large fortune. She had never been married, but years before had adopted a boy who was now a young man of twenty. These two, with a couple of servants, made up the family.

"It was an awful thing!" said the farmer, as he saw that I was interested. "It is supposed that she was murdered about midnight, though it might have been an hour later. At least, when they found her, soon after daylight, she was cold and stiff.

"And how was it done?"

"O, that's plain to be seen," he replied; "she slept alone in a bedroom on the first floor, and the murderer went in and beat her over the head with an iron bolt—the king-bolt of a wagon. Her skull is crushed in, and her face is a horrible sight. We left the body just as we found it, and no

one has been allowed inside the door, as we wanted you to find everything just as the murderer left them."

"The young man and the servants?" I inquired.

"O, they are as innocent as you or I!" he promptly answered. "It was the young man Tom who first discovered the murder, and it would have made you weep to see him take on and tear his hair. It took two men to hold him at first."

"It did, eh?" I answered, slowly; and I went to thinking, and let the farmer talk himself tired. As a general rule I do not believe that the most violent outbursts of grief denote the greatest sorrow. I wondered if there could have been such a bond of love between the young man and the old woman that he should tear his hair and go crazy over her death, especially when her demise put him in possession of all her property? Then he was the first to discover the murder—that was a mark against him in my mind. I can't tell you why, except so far as I have told you above, but before we reached Colville I had made up my mind that Tom Williams (he had taken her name) was the murderer.

There was a crowd in the yard and around and in the house. All business in the village was suspended for the day, and the people were waiting my arrival. As soon as I ascertained that the room had not been disturbed, I shut the door, requested the selectmen of the village to turn all the people out and bolt the doors against them; and then I inquired the domestic habits of the deceased, her state of health, how much money she generally kept by her, if any, and from her I dropped off on to Tom and the servants.

I learned that the family always retired at nine o'clock. If Tom was out, as was frequently the case, the front door was left unlocked for him to come in. He was not considered a bad young man, but he drank a little, smoked a good deal, wore good

clothes, and might be classed under the head of "fast." As for the servants, I had seen them, and that was enough. Without asking them a word, I would have taken my oath that they were innocent.

Tom had been taken in by a neighbor, and was out of the way. I asked to see his room, and one of the servants was called in to show me up stairs. The room was just as he left it in the morning. I learned from the servant, who was a very talkative female, that Tom's usual hour of rising was at seven o'clock, when breakfast was ready. It was in July, and on that morning he was up and dressed and discovered the murder before five o'clock, daylight coming about half past four. He had planned no journey; had not left his bed on account of sickness; had not been disturbed, and yet he had left it. I examined the bed. The clothing was turned down and the bed was somewhat disturbed. You would have said that some one had occupied it all night; but after a moment's scrutiny I made up my mind that Tom had merely sat down on the bed, with his feet on the floor. He had sat there for a long time, making a plain dent in the bed, and he had not once stretched out on the sheet. He had not sat there to read, because the table was too far away. What then? He had sat there to ponder, I guessed. No one knew the hour when he came in the previous night, because all were asleep; but he said it was at half past nine.

In working up a case I always had a theory, and I worked to prove that my theory was right. If I failed, then I took another theory and worked at that. My theory in this case was that Tom was the murderer, and I started to prove it. Going down stairs, I entered the bedroom. The corpse was a ghastly sight. The blows had been dealt with terrible force, and any one of the four or five would have been fatal. The body was in its nightdress, lying on the bed, and I was not long in ascertaining that it had been placed there after death, or after insensibility.

There was blood on the bed, on the wall, and on the carpet. The first stains were at the further end of the room, near a lounge, but the carpet being of a dull red, the villagers had not noticed them. Getting down on my hands and knees, I found that a corner of the carpet had been loosened; and turning it back, I discovered two or

three bank notes on the floor. This, then, had been a hiding-place for her money. The servants said she had several hundred dollars in the house, but they had no idea of where she had hidden it. It was not natural that she should put so much confidence in them.

I decided that the murderer crept in, tore up the carpet, and was discovered as he was seizing the money. The old lady had got out of bed and approached him, and was struck down as they stood together in the corner. This was yet another evidence against Tom. Had she awoke to discover a stranger in the room, she would not have left her bed—or the chances were against it—and she certainly would have been struck down near it, instead of after reaching the corner. She had been killed in the corner, and then her body placed on the bed—I was sure of it.

If I had wanted any further evidence against Tom, I found it about the corpse. From the finger nail of the index finger of the right hand waved three or four blue threads—tiny little things, which a hundred pairs of eyes would have passed over. There was a split in the nail, and it had caught a coat-sleeve and torn the little threads out. They told me that Tom had a blue blouse coat, and then I knew that she had torn the threads out as she clutched him in her dying struggles.

"Well, what do you think?" inquired the selectmen, as I finished my examination.

"I want to see Tom," I answered.

"Why, merciful heavens! You don't suspect him?"

"Certainly not. I want to hear his statement," I replied.

One of them went and brought the young man. I saw from the first glimpse that he had made up his mind to "brass it out." He was a good-looking young fellow, face pale and anxious, and I saw by his set teeth that he was bracing himself up to baffle me.

"You will please go on and give me a plain statement of the affair so far as you were concerned," I said, as he took a chair.

We all sat looking at him, and he had to make a great effort to start off. He stated that he came in at the hour named, went to bed, and about daylight was awakened by a scream. He ran down stairs and to

his aunt's door, and then discovered that a murder had been committed.

"But the body was cold at daylight," I answered; "the murder took place at least two hours before. What scream could have startled you?"

"It might not have been a scream," he answered; "it might have been some other noise, or I might have dreamed that I heard one."

"Have you any reason to suspect any one?"

"When I came in last night," he answered, "a stranger moved away from the gate across the street, and as he found that I was watching him, he skulked along down the street."

"Did Miss Williams have any money in the house?" I asked.

"She might have had a few dollars," he answered.

He did not know where she kept it, he said, and he was certain that she was asleep when he came in on the previous night. His theory was that the stranger whom he saw at the gate had entered the house and committed the murder.

"It seems strange that he should have known that the money was hidden under a corner of the bedroom carpet," I said.

He could not prevent a nervous start of surprise. The selectmen did not notice it, but it was very plain to me. He made no reply, and I continued:

"She must have made a desperate fight, and I think the villain's sleeves will be found spattered with blood."

His eyes went down to his sleeves as I spoke, but he quickly raised them, and the selectmen sat there like bumps on a log, and never caught the faintest clue.

"I don't know, I'm sure," he said, after a while. "It is an awful thing, and I'm so nervous that I can hardly think of any one thing for a moment at a time."

"Poor boy! it is a hard blow on you!" replied one of the selectmen, in a condoling voice.

Tom covered his face with his hands, and seemed to be much affected; and I told him I was through with him.

"Hold!" I said, as he was leaving the house. "Do you have any idea of how much money she had hidden away?"

"No, I haven't," he answered.

"It makes no great difference," I went on; "I have ascertained that she had

nearly a thousand dollars, and that the bills were all fives and tens on the Ocean Bank of New York and the Drover's Bank of Brooklyn. I shall notify every tradesman in the village, and put the detectives of the county on the watch for such bills. I see that she was a careful old lady, and that she had made a note of the number of each bill. I have her memoranda in my pocket, and if any one attempts to pass a single one of those bills, he will surely be nabbed."

I saw a look of annoyance and chagrin on his face, and he forgot all about trying to look disconsolate. I had found no such memoranda, and only judged of the value of the bills and the banks represented by those left behind. I threw it at him as a stray shot, and to help along another plan I had formed.

Well, there was my case. The young man was guilty of murder, and I knew it; but if I had said so, and made his arrest, I would have been mobbed by the villagers, who believed his every word, and whose sympathies were with him. It was the general idea that a stranger had committed the deed, and it would have been folly to arrest Tom on such evidence as I had accumulated, much of it having no weight except in my own mind.

The women were allowed to come in and prepare the corpse for burial, the servants recalled, and I asked Tom to return to the house, and guide and direct so far as he could. One of the selectmen was justice of the peace, and the murderer would be arraigned before him. He followed me over to the hotel, and when we were seated, he asked:

"Well, what have you discovered?"

"That the murder was committed by some one living in the village!" I answered.

"Heavens! but you don't mean that!"

"Just that."

"Who is the man?"

"If I knew, I would arrest him," I replied. "So far, I have only suspicions; but perhaps before to-morrow morning we may have the villain in custody."

"God grant it!" he exclaimed, much excited.

I then told him that I wanted to pass the night in the house with the corpse, and wanted his company. I did not want to go in until Tom had retired to his room, and would rather that none of the servants

should see me. I cautioned him not to betray my intentions, and warned him that the capture of the murderer depended on his silence and discretion.

He promised to obey me, and I slept several hours during the afternoon, so as to be vigilant during the night. I felt certain that Tom had hidden the money somewhere about the premises, and I proposed to search for it. I also had an idea that something might turn up during the night to fasten his guilt more firmly, though I could not say what it would be.

At ten o'clock that night Parsons the selectman and myself were admitted to the house by one of the rear doors. The servants and Tom were up stairs, and three women were watching with the corpse. It was a bright moonlight night, rather cool, and Parsons had brought along some cigars. The house was arranged thus: As you entered the front door there was a hall, stairs at the right, parlor to the left, and further down the hall a door which led into the sitting-room or back parlor. There was a bedroom off of this, and in there the corpse was lying, and the watchers sat in the back parlor. Beyond this room was the dining-room, with a small room off, and then came the kitchen. Parsons and I sat in the room off the dining-room, having no light in the room, but the door was partly open, and a lamp on a stand in the dining-room shone in, and the light fell upon a large mirror hanging on the wall to the left of us.

I had to approach him very gently with my proposed search, and I did not dare tell him that I believed Tom to be the murderer, although he could not help but know that I was seeking to fasten the crime on some inmate of the house.

"That woman made a brave fight for her money and her life," I whispered to him. "The man had the bills in his hand, and she clinched into them. He struck her several blows on the hand, breaking two fingers; and if we find the money, we will find some of the bills mutilated."

"Suppose we find it hidden about the house?" he said.

"Then we have evidence that some one in the house is the murderer," I replied.

He shook his head dubiously, as if he were saying to himself that a detective had been sent down who didn't know his business; and I lit another cigar. Mid-

night would be time enough to commence the search!"

It was just five minutes of twelve o'clock, and we had been very quiet for a long time, both thinking, when I suddenly saw a face in the glass on the wall. It was Tom's face, and I looked around, expecting to see him in the door. He was not there, and as I turned to the glass his whole body came into view, being clad only in a sleeping-shirt. The moon was streaming in at the window, falling in a shower on the glass, and between moonlight and lamplight the glass was converted into a magic mirror to represent what was transpiring in rear of the house in the "jog" made by building the "L" to the kitchen. I turned from door to glass three or four times before I solved the mystery, and by that time Parsons was also watching Tom.

The young man had a small bundle in his hand, and after bending his head to listen, and then peering about, he advanced several feet, reached up, and his hand and arm went beyond our vision. There was a "coo-coo," as if doves had been disturbed, and then he pulled down his arm, brushed something off his hand, and stepped back out of sight.

"He is walking in his sleep!" whispered the amazed selectman.

"See here!" I said, my hand on his shoulder; "when he reached up he was hiding something. If it was the money, will you believe that he was the murderer?"

"Let us look," he answered.

We removed our boots, and silently passed out of the back door. There was a dovecot on a post near the rear end of the kitchen, and going to it I inserted my hand and drew out a bundle. It was the money! Looking up, we saw that Tom had crept out of his open window, and come down over the roofs.

When we went in and spread out the money, we found several new bills badly torn, and there were blood-spots on others.

"Does this convict him?" I asked of the trembling Parsons.

"But he may have been walking in his sleep," he replied.

"He may have been—but where did he get this money?"

"It was he!—my God! it was!" he exclaimed, turning as white as a sheet, and having to sit down.

We looked into each other's faces for a long time without speaking, and then he said:

"Let me go home! I can't be here when you make the arrest. I have known that boy ever since he was a crying child, and though I know he's guilty, I couldn't face him to save my life."

I let him go away, and I had to brace my nerves for what was to come. I said nothing to the women, but taking the money in one hand and the lamp in the other, I went up stairs, pushed open Tom's door, and found him wide awake in bed, as I expected to. He rose up as I set the lamp down, and taking a chair, I said:

"Mr. Parsons and I were both watching you when you put this money in the dove-cot!"

"I—you—it couldn't—"

"Tom," I answered, interrupting him, "I have known all day that you were the murderer! There are a dozen things to prove it beside these torn and blood-stained bills! You must go with me to the county jail."

He held out for a little time, but when he saw that I had trapped him, and that it was no use, he broke down and began to cry.

"Don't let any one see me—let's go now!" he pleaded; and I told him that if

he would be quiet and obedient I would take him right away. He arose and dressed, and we left the house so silently that none of the watchers knew of our going. He declared that he would make no effort to escape, and accompanied me to a livery stable, and stood by while a horse and buggy were made ready for a trip to the county-seat.

On the way out he made a clean breast of it. He was in debt for cigars, liquors, and some flash jewelry, and his aunt refused him except a small sum. He had at first planned to rob her of part, but changed his mind, and concluded to murder her and take all. She had been awakened, sprang out of bed, seized and recognized him, and he had struck her down and then put the body on the bed, just as I had written it out in my own mind. He believed himself secure from detection, but when I spoke about the bills having been numbered, he had left his bed and changed them from one hiding-place to another, for fear that they would be found.

He would have been tried for murder, but he committed suicide the second night after being placed in jail; and to this day there are people in Colville who believe that Tom was innocent, and that my unfounded suspicions and unjustifiable arrest drove him to his death.

THE MIDNIGHT TRIBUNAL.: A Lieutenant's Adventure in Salt Lake City.

QUAD, M

Ballou's Monthly Magazine (1866-1893); Jun 1875; 41, 6; American Periodicals

pg. 528

THE MIDNIGHT TRIBUNAL.

A Lieutenant's Adventure in Salt Lake City.

BY M. QUAD, OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

"No more trips down town after dark!" shouted Lieutenant George Payson, entering my tent and venting his spite on the campstools.

It was years ago, before the great Pacific Railroad was more than a dream; Platte Bridge, Denver, Laramie, Omaha, and other towns and cities were hardly noticed by the map makers, and the Indian, wolf and buffalo held possession of the country from Omaha to Salt Lake. It was, too, during the palmy days of "the institution," when Mormons ruled with bloody hands, and when Gentiles were dogged and shot as they left the city, or "snatched" while in it, spirited away, and never heard of afterwards.

Camp Conner was Camp Conner then,

and situated just where the present military post is. It sometimes contained two hundred soldiers, and sometimes not more than forty or fifty. Detachments were sent from there to do duty at other posts, to escort mail carriers or government trains, but there was always a body of men and a number of officers at the post. The administration had an idea (so it seemed) that the presence of soldiers so near the city was a great protection to the "sinners" who halted in the town or passed it, but we never had occasion to believe that Brigham Young and his numerous saints cared a fig whether we went away or remained. He had "avenging angels" in numbers sufficient to have captured us all at any hour; and but for fear of a conflict

with the government, a soldier would not have been safe from these scoundrels anywhere within fifty miles of Salt Lake.

"There, read that," continued Payson, handing out a "general order" as I looked up.

"Having reason to believe that Sergeant Britton was killed in the city by some of the Mormon population, and knowing that Brigham Young's so-called 'avenging angels' make it their business to dog the steps of soldiers and officers; and believing that our peril will be lessened by remaining within our camp after night, now

"Therefore—From and after this date, no soldier or officer will be permitted to visit the city after sundown except upon the written permission of the colonel commanding."

So read the order; and while I saw that it cut short our little plans for pleasure and recreation, I also saw the motive which had induced it, and realized as well as the colonel that there was reason for us to fear evil from the murdering bands which had been christened "avenging angels" by one whose hands were never free from blood.

I did not, therefore, express my indignation toward the colonel, my intention to immediately throw up my commission and return East to go into the grocery business; nor did I say that we should kick up such a rumpus that the military tyrant would be forced to rescind the order. And, after a few minutes' conversation with Payson, I brought him around to see matters as I saw them, and he agreed that the colonel was right.

A month or two previous the non-commissioned officer spoken of in the general order had paid a visit to the city, and never returned. He was known to many of the Mormons as an inveterate enemy of their creed and practices, he being an upright Christian man, and having his wife and child at the camp. He was always free to express his sentiments, even to the Mormons, of whom he was purchasing in the city, and we believed that they had captured and murdered him. An attempt had been made to work out the case, but one detective might as well have tried to work against all the thieves of London. The fellows were impudent, bold and overbearing, and even declared that they were glad if the sergeant had

finally received what would soon be dealt out to all other meddling "sinners."

So the order was timely and sensible, and the officers did not rebel.

There were four of us lieutenants—two middle-aged married men, sober as deacons, and Payson and myself, we two being less than twenty-five years old, and rather inclined to excitement and sensation. Having but little to do, paid off regularly, no one but ourselves to care for, a city near at hand, it was no wonder that we were a little wild. We had been in the habit of attending at the tabernacle on Sunday, to hear Young preach, and to count up his wives and children. We often attended the theatre; we occasionally stopped over night at the hotel; played billiards, encouraged bear-fights, and had what we called a good time generally. So long as we kept out of trouble, were at the camp for parade, and put the soldiers through their twice-a-day drill, the colonel had no reproofs. It would come our turn directly to go to Laramie, to go on to California, to be sent hundreds of miles away from civilization, and he knew that we should then have monotony enough to make us as dignified as Uncle Sam himself.

For two weeks after the order came out not an officer visited the city after dark, and only an occasional visit was made by daylight. The rule then became exceedingly irksome, and taking advantage of the fact that a new play was to be put on the boards of the theatre, Payson and I sought and obtained the colonel's permission to be absent until midnight. He cautioned us to be careful of our speech and our company, and warned us to go well armed.

The tramp down was a mere nothing for our stout limbs. We entered the city just after dark, it being a June evening, but had not proceeded far when Payson insisted that we should have a glass of wine. We stepped into a saloon, called the boy, and were just drinking, when we heard a succession of sharp screams and shrieks, as of some female in distress.

"O, that aint nothing!" remarked the boy, noticing our looks of surprise and anxiety. "It's old Treadway giving one of his fifteen wives a flogging!"

We heard shouts, oaths, blows, shrieks, and then a heavy fall. The boy took it all as a matter of course, having often heard

the Mormon at work, but we were considerably excited—Payson so much so that he wanted to interfere.

"Ten thousand million curses on the cursed city and its beastly population!" he exclaimed, after abandoning his idea of rushing to the rescue. "I wish Uncle Sam would give the word to clean it out to-morrow!"

I was about to express a like feeling when I heard a soft step behind me, and turned in time to catch sight of a retreating form.

"You'd better look sharp now!" warned the boy, who was a deep one for his years. "That was 'The Dagger,' who came just in time to hear your speech, and he will keep his eye on you from this time out!"

"And who is the loafer you call 'The Dagger?'" inquired Payson. "And why should we look out for him?"

"To keep from being served in this way!" replied the boy, drawing his finger across his throat. "He is the leader of the 'Avenging Angels,' and he wont forget you. We aint Mormons ourselves, but we have to play off on them; and if you take my advice, you wont get into any dark corners to-night!"

We had both cooled off considerably as we started for the street, for we had reason to know that there was sense in the lad's warning. We talked the matter over, agreed to keep close together, and trusted that we were prepared to successfully defend ourselves if attacked.

The theatre was densely crowded, and we found it impossible to obtain seats. We had come to see the play, and so concluded to stand up and make the best of it.

In about half an hour I had become so absorbed in the transactions on the stage that I did not notice when Payson left my side and went over to have a confab with an acquaintance. A number of the audience came between us, and so, when I at last looked around, my friend was nowhere to be seen. I was not anxious, but was yet looking this way and that, when a man came up to me, looked keenly into my face, and said:

"Your friend has got into trouble over on Hill Street, and wants you to come to him."

"But, who are—"

"Never mind who I am," he replied,

"but come along as fast as you can. Your friend is being murdered."

This was enough. I remembered Payson's words in the saloon, the boy's warning, and I concluded that "The Dagger" had in some way decoyed my friend out of the theatre and attacked him.

I followed the unknown from the building up the street, down another, a turn to the left, and then I halted. We were at the entrance of a dark and lonely street, no one was in sight, and I began to have suspicion that all was not right.

"Come on—come on; it's only one more block!" urged the man, also stopping. At the same moment the cry of "help!" was shouted from down the street, and we dashed forward on the run.

We had not traversed more than half the block when I heard a movement as I passed a doorway, and the next moment was down on the walk, struggling to free myself from the grasp of three men who had vaulted upon me. A gag was thrust into my mouth, a pair of handcuffs snapped together around my wrists, and then the men, who had not spoken a word, picked me up and carried me into the building. I was taken through a long hall, up a flight of stairs, through another hall, all dimly lighted, and then found myself in a room about thirty feet square. It was lighted by four candles, had matting on the floor, and contained six chairs, placed in a row before a table on which were pen, ink and paper.

"Take out the gag and unlock the handcuffs," commanded a voice; and directly I stood on my feet, unfettered.

"What does this mean—this outrage—knocking down and gagging a United States officer?" I exclaimed, looking from one evil face to another.

"You will soon learn," replied one of the men. And then they withdrew to the door and held a conversation in whispers. One of their number passed out, came back in about five minutes, and then the four approached me.

"Well, can you explain your brutal conduct now?" I inquired.

"You are to be conducted to No. 1, to wait until the Tribunal of Seven assemblies, and then you are to be tried for your life!"

So spoke the leader of the party, an evil-faced fellow, whom I would not have

cared to meet on the open highway in broad daylight. I looked from one to the other, but each face was evil, unreadable and stern.

"But I wont go!" I replied. "I have had enough of this nonsense, and I now propose to return to the theatre. Mormons or Gentiles, you will think twice before you stretch out a hand to stop me!"

They had removed my revolver before taking off the handcuffs, and I was consequently without a weapon. I stood close to one of the chairs, and as I saw that they were about to rush, I seized it, whirled it aloft, and sent one of the men to the floor. The others rushed upon me, but I beat them back, knocked another down, and rushed to the door.

It was locked! As I turned, the four closed in on me, despite my blows, and they soon had me down. They did not gag me again, but one of them seized my foot and dragged me through a hall, opened a door, and I was hauled into a room not over ten feet square.

"We will call for you at midnight!" spoke one of the men, and the door was shut and locked.

There was no light in the cell, but the light from a window half a block away streamed in and allowed me to see, first, that my only window was barred and grated until a mouse could hardly have got out or in; second, there was a pitcher of water and a stool; third, the walls were thick and massive, and the door as solid as iron.

I took in all these things as I rested on my elbow, and a closer inspection when I rose up only proved how well I had seen. I tried the door, the window, sounded the walls, tested the floor, and sat down on the stool with a conviction that I must remain a prisoner so long as my captors saw fit. It was easy to understand the game which had been played. The unknown had got me out of the theatre on purpose to trap me, and it was also easy to understand that I was in the power of the "Avenging Angels," and that escape from their clutches was a matter scarcely to be thought of.

I could not bear the idea that I was a prisoner, and I made the round of the cell again, hoping that the door or the window might be made to yield. The door was too stout to be attacked, but I determined to give the bars a trial. I had no tools to work with, but there was the stool. I

pulled out a leg, searched over the lattice-work until I found a spot to suit, and then inserted the leg. The bars bent back a trifle as I sagged my weight upon the stick, and there was a loud snap, and the leg was broken.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed a voice outside the door, and then I knew that one of the men was standing sentry. He knew I would seek to escape, but he knew that I could not.

I sat down on the floor, sick at heart. What did they mean by the Tribunal of Seven—that mysterious committee who were going to put me on trial at midnight? I had been in the Mormon country long enough to know how to answer the question. It meant that seven Mormon dignitaries were to give me the farce of a trial, condemn me as an enemy of their religion and social habits, and then hand me over to the Avengers to be murdered!

It seemed an age to midnight. I made no more efforts toward regaining my liberty, heard no sound from street or building, and was almost glad as the door was at last unlocked, and I was conducted to the judgment-room. I felt a chill as I looked around. Six masked men occupied the six chairs, and the seventh one sat behind the table. A chair was placed for me at his left hand. I sat down, and for a moment not a sound was heard. The seven masked men and the four Avengers were as motionless as statues. Then the silence was interrupted. A bell, sounding as if in the cellar of the building, struck one, two, three—eleven, twelve, and I could think of nothing but a funeral procession as I counted the strokes.

"Prisoner, stand up!" commanded the masked judge, his voice being low and stern.

I was at first determined to resist all said and done, believing that they would not dare to murder an officer of the government, but there was something in the tone of the judge which made me obey the command.

"Prisoner, you are charged with having been in the company of those who cursed our religion and desired to shed our blood—with being yourself an enemy of our creed—with having attempted to incite members of the true faith to rebel against us. You are now on trial for your life! Are you guilty or not guilty?"

I hesitated a moment, and then answered him that I had not been arrested by any process of law, was not in the presence of any court, could not summon witnesses, and should decline to plead.

"Guilty or not guilty?" he commanded, raising his hand in a warning way.

Again I hesitated, and then asked him if he would allow me an attorney and give me the privilege of summoning witnesses.

"The Tribunal of Seven knows no lawyers—allows no privileges. You are on trial for your—plead or be condemned without hearing!"

Forced into it, I plead "Not guilty," and was told to sit down as "The Dagger" was motioned to take the stand. He stood near the judge, related what he had overheard at the saloon, and further related that Payson and myself had long been known to have exhibited a bitter animosity toward the Mormon church and toward leading Mormons.

It had not been fifteen minutes since the muffled bell struck twelve, but now it struck again—one! one against me!

I demanded that I should be allowed to cross-examine the witness, but the judge raised his hand, and the second Avenger took the stand. His testimony was about the same, except that he reported several fictitious conversations to make out that I had sought to induce certain Mormons to leave the church. He sat down and the bell struck again—two! The other two were called up, testified to suit the occasion, the bell struck for each, and then the judge rose up and asked:

"Prisoner, what have you to say to this?"

"Nothing!" I replied—"not a single word! You convicted me even before you saw me, and your tribunal is a grand humbug! I am an officer of the United States government, and if you dare to lay a finger on me, your cursed adulterous tribe hasn't lives enough to satisfy the revenge which will be taken!"

My temper was up, and I cared not what I said. I believed they meant to kill me, and was determined to free my mind, if no more. I also had a slight hope that a bold course, and putting in Uncle Sam as a backer, might cause them to hesitate. But they were Mormons—arrogant, powerful, fearless.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the judge, his lips never moving. "Ha! ha! ha!"

laughed each juror—a laugh which made chill after chill creep up my back.

"Prisoner at the bar, stand up and receive your sentence!" commanded the judge, as the jurors rose up and each made a sign—a sign to show that I had been found guilty. "Prisoner, you have had a fair and impartial trial, and a jury of your peers pronounce you guilty. The sentence of this tribunal is that you be turned over to the Avenging Angels, to be taken back to your friends!"

Did I hear aright! Had I succeeded in frightening the tribunal? Was I to be restored to liberty? I thought so for half a minute.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the judge—a laugh which made my flesh creep.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the jurors and Avengers—a laugh sounding like the terrible "yah!" "yah!" of the caged hyenas.

The judge moved slowly down, the jurors formed by twos, and the seven marched slowly out of the room; their long black gowns trailing behind. I was watching them, when I was suddenly jerked down from behind, handcuffed again, and the four Avengers carried me along on their shoulders. We went through a hall, down a pair of stairs, made a turn to the right, passed the length of another hall, and then entered a room about fifteen feet square.

I was placed on my feet, the handcuffs removed, and then, while three of the men drew their knives, the fourth advanced to the wall and seized the end of a cord. He made a motion, and the three raised their knives.

They were going to murder me!

They came closer, and I retreated. Closer, and I stood very nearly in the centre of the room, facing them. Not a word had been spoken. Words were not needed with them, and I knew that no entreaties of mine could change my fate.

The man at the cord gave it a pull; I felt a trembling motion beneath my feet, and I gave a loud yell and a long leap just as a trap door fell down, opening to my gaze the mouth of a deep black pit. An odor came up—an odor of decaying bodies, a smell so strong that it sickened me. The Avengers were on one side and I on the other. They waited a moment, surprised, and then, with a flourish of their knives, advanced to force me into the pit. The nearest was not three feet away, when we heard a sound that

made them pause. There was a bang, a crash, a rush of feet and a rattle of muskets, and six soldiers from the camp, headed by Payson, rushed into the room.

There was a shout; several shots; one of the avengers tumbled backward into the pit, and when the smoke rose up, the other three were safe away. I was saved, but they had not come a moment too soon.

To explain; Payson had seen me leave the theatre, after all, and he soon followed in company with his friend, who was suspicious of a trick. They were almost at hand as I was carried into the doorway, and the citizen was greatly alarmed for my safety, recognizing the building as a sort of private prison. Under his advice, Payson

started for the camp, detailed events to the colonel, and was given the soldiers in the forlorn hope of rescuing me. They had just stopped at the basement door as I shouted. Recognizing the voice, Payson had ordered the door dashed in, and you have the result.

It was the intention to sift the matter to the bottom, as we now believed the sergeant to be in the pit, but before the colonel had taken any steps, he was assigned to other duties. Payson was sent up the Yellowstone, and my would-be murderers never received what we intended for them. A month after, I saw the corpse of "The Dagger," shot by a ranchman, and this was the only consolation I ever had.